National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, EDITOR. WITHOUT CONCEALMENT....WITHOUT COMPROMISE. EDMUND QUINCY, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

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Pro-Slavery.

AN ENGLISH WRITER ON NEGRO SLAVERY.

In the London *Times* we find a series of letters on the American system of Slavery, from the pen of D. T. Ansted, an eminent *savant*, who has recently traversed the Southern States for certain purposes of scientific observation. In the midst of so much misrepresentation and fanatical denunciation of the institution of Slavery by British writers, it is as surprising as it is refreshing to read the calm, temperate, and judicious opinions of one whose conclusions are all deduced from personal knowledge by a singularly observing and acute mind. If we cannot endorse all the positions assumed by the writer, and are enabled now and then to detect an erroneous statement in his narrative, we can yet freely concede to him the praise of an impartial and philosophic discussion of his subject. Of course, an Englishman must approach the system of Slavery with certain invincible prejudices, but the judgment of Mr. Ansted is as exempt from these letters of the mind as any British writer who has undertaken to discourse of American affairs. And, in this connexion, we will remark that whilst the excitable imaginations and sensitive susceptibilities of romancists, poets, and philanthropists have been shocked and inflamed by the horrors of negro Slavery, foreigners of sobriety, observation, and correct judgment, such as Sir Charles Lyell, have seen in the system of Slavery that mixture of good and evil of which every human institution, must necessarily consist. The irritable nature of the *artist*, with its craving after proportion and ideal perfection, may revolt from the spectacle of Slavery as from some fault in taste or blunder in execution; but the man of sense views the system in other relations, and with far different feelings. Mr. Ansted is evidently a man of vigorous and practical intellect, and his opinions rest upon a basis of common sense and correct observation. Could they but exert that influence with Englishmen to which truth is entitled; Exeter Hall and Stafford House philanthropy would cease its ravings, and the *entente cordiale* of England and America would not be disturbed by the incendiary agitations of British Abolitionism.

Every teacher must have an audience if he means to give effect to his doctrines, and to get a hearing he must make some concession to the prejudices of those whom he addresses. It is, perhaps, in this spirit that Mr. Ansted begins by conceding "that the system of Slavery is indefensible on the broad principles of natural justice and morality." He then announces the general proposition which he is to prove—namely, "that Slavery is uneconomical and highly impolitic as a source of supply of labour;" after which, he proceeds to give the results of his observation of the practical operations of the system. He says: "No stranger can visit the slaveholding State without being struck by the general adaptation of the coloured people to their condition. With few exceptions, it is quite clear at a glance, and becomes more so on further investigation, that in all essential points they are children, and, like children, totally unfit to take the management of their own affairs, and advance their own interests." Again: "In domestic service, where they are most favourably circumstanced, and really associate on terms *which to an Englishman appear to involve much more equality than is pleasant*, they are allowed to have their own way to a degree utterly inconsistent with good management. In small country families all the arrangements of meals and other matters depend on their pleasure. If Aunty, the cook, wants to go on Sunday to a dipping service" (*a baptizing*) "or preaching some ten miles off—no uncommon event—the family must either breakfast at six or not at all. If Pompey has been out on Saturday night rather later than usual, and has had an extra half dollar for whiskey, the boots and shoes, and often the horses, must remain unattended to; and as there is no punishment short of flogging, *and few masters resort to that for any but serious cases*, the offence is overlooked and soon becomes a habit. Speaking to a servant of this class is about as efficacious as it would be to scold a steam engine. They have no moral responsibilities; their sense of right and wrong is very low; they are perfect creatures of impulse, and, like very young children, if they are generally credulous and tolerably obedient, the smallest temptation is quite irresistible, and they repeat offences and follies over again, learning nothing by experience. Nearly all those runaway slaves who escape into Canada—and their number is not inconsiderable—are found to be idle, useless, and unimproving in every sense of the word. Their idea of liberty is an escape from labour, and the indulgence of a mere animal existence with as little effort as possible. They are bad servants and bad citizens, and rarely rise above the very lowest position in the social scale. This is a matter perfectly notorious; and we must not be surprised if before long the people of Canada refuse to admit a population which has no value, and frequently becomes a drag on the resources of the country." After adducing figures from the census to show that the negro prospers only in a State of Slavery, the writer describes the condition of the free negro population as follows: "And now it may be well asked, what is the condition of this people—freemen among the free, but not like their fellow-citizens, obeying the natural law 'to increase and multiply?' I can only reply that, with extremely few exceptions, they obtain only the very lowest employments, and those least requiring continued active exertion; and that, though they sometimes accumulate money, they rarely raise themselves by means of it into any higher position, but remain as small barbers, shoeblacks, waiters at hotels, or in what other capacity they may have been employed."

Mr. Ansted concludes his first letter with the following paragraph: "In point of fact, the physical peculiarities and natural *habitat* of the negro, and those qualities which characterize him, are such as not to form a useful amalgamation with the Anglo-Saxon race in North America, even when allowed such fair play as seems possible. It is to all appearance physically impossible that the two should be on a true level, and, as is universal in such cases, the stronger must drive out the weaker. Under these circumstances, and regarding both the moral and physical unfitness of the coloured people to mix on terms of real equality with the present white population of the United States, I venture to suggest to those who would really befriend the cause of humanity, that they withhold for a time the conclusion that a sudden hypothetical freedom, affected by an act of legislation, would, even if it were possible, be a benefit to those they desire to assist."

This first letter drew from one S. Alfred Steinthal, a fanatical Abolitionist, a furious reply, which concluded with the declaration that "the watchword of the Abolitionists will remain 'immediate abolition is the slave's right and the slaveholder's duty.'" Mr. Ansted did not condescend to notice his crack-brained adversary, but proceeded in a second letter, to utter such just and sensible opinions as are contained in the following paragraph: "No one should lose sight of the fact that the present political condition of the United States really does not admit of immediate emancipation. There is, most unfortunately, a feeling of soreness and exasperation that has arisen with the Abolitionist outcry, and still remains in great force; and there can hardly be a doubt that any attempt at legislative interference under such circumstances would be met by direct and active resistance. It is so manifestly to the advantage of political freedom and constitutional government throughout the world that no separation of feeling and interest should take place between the Northern and Southern States of America, and such a result must so clearly perpetuate Slavery in its worst forms in all parts of the country where it now exists, that no wise man would risk such a result for the possibility of success in a war of words. Success in appearance would indeed be the worst failure in reality, and I would earnestly submit to all those who feel deeply on the subject of emancipation, to look well to the course they adopt, lest it should result in a long and systematic delay rather than in the advancement of the object they have at heart." The author disposes of an imaginary grievance which has awakened the special indignation of the Abolitionists, by the assertion that "both humanity and the force of habit interfere, as a general rule, to check the separation of parents from children, and husbands from wives." Nor does he regard the slaveholder as a monster, but expresses "great respect for the hospitable and agreeable inhabitants of the slave districts of the States." In discussing the question of emancipation, the writer contends that the liberation of the slaves, without an equivalent compensation, would be an outrageous injustice, and that the idea of compensation is a chimera, inasmuch as the present value of the slaves in the United States would exceed one hundred and fifty millions of pounds sterling. The conclusion at which he arrives is, that the slaveholder will discover the superiority and greater cheapness of white labour (which proposition the writer undertakes to establish), and that he will devise and carry out some gradual plan of emancipation and deportation, of his own motion, and without any extraneous pressure of importunity or coercion. Deportation is regarded as an indispensable condition of emancipation; and hence the writer looks with hope to the efforts of the Colonisation Society, and anticipates that Africa is yet to be the theatre of negro redemption and civilization.

The following paragraph concludes the third and last of the series of letters: "In concluding these letters, I would earnestly impress upon my fellow-countrymen that their righteous indignation and horror at Slavery in America, and their strong appeals on the score of justice and humanity, however reasonable and just they may seem on this side of the Atlantic, do not produce all the effect that is expected on the other side, nor is that effect quite of the same kind as we hope. England introduced Slavery into her colonies, and supported the system for a long time quite as tenaciously as America has done since. If we ourselves—placed at a distance from the scene of action, and able to survey coolly both the system and its results, in which most of us were not personally interested—have been able, by a great effort and after a long time, to eradicate the evils of Slavery, we should at least have some feelings of sympathy and kindness, as well as pity and honour, for those who only defend now what we practised and defended a few years ago, and should endeavour rather to prove to our neighbours the advantage of our measures than taunt them with adhering a little longer than ourselves to existing arrangements. In point of fact, no good can be done on this or any question so long as feeling and passion take the place of reason and policy, and when those who act according to their knowledge and on the experience of their predecessors are accused of being guilty of crimes from which they would shrink with no less horror than their accusers. It is the system that requires to be altered, but we attack those who practice it. The result is, that the system remains, and those attacked put themselves on their defence. Were we to treat the slaveholders as honest, well-intentioned country gentlemen, not unwilling to improve their property in any way open to them, giving them full credit for as much humanity and kindness as we ourselves lay claim to, we should only do justice to them as a class, and perhaps might prepare them to listen to any arguments we could adduce in favour of a change in their system of labour."

These are the sentiments of an Englishman, and the deliberate conclusions of an intelligent and impartial mind, brought into immediate contact with the system of Slavery. They teach a lesson which the Abolitionists of this country should improve. If the frantic fanatics, who exist in a storm of agitation, and contemplate impossible ends by ridiculous means, could but elevate themselves to the impartial position of the writer of these letters; if they could but learn to pay some regard to the suggestions of common sense, and could feel a solicitude for something beside the emancipation of the negro; if they felt any concern for the welfare and glory of the Union and for the cause of enlightened freedom, and could but discern the tendency of their own schemes, and see upon what dread results they would precipitate us; if the Abolitionists of the United States could but enjoy this lucid interval of reason and repose, they would appreciate the wisdom and obey the injunctions of the sagacious and judicious author of these candid letters on American Slavery.—*The (Washington) Union.*

Selections.

THE PHILADELPHIA FRIEND AND "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

We have so often quoted with entire approbation from the columns of the above Journal, as well as had such general unity with its efforts and intention in regard to our religious Society, that it grieves us exceedingly to have any apparent difference with it. On two recent occasions, however, we conceive that we have such strong cause of complaint against the editor, that we feel reluctantly obliged to say a word or two with the view of setting him right.

In the first instance, he finds fault, in the *Friend* of 1st Month, 29th, with the commendatory terms in which we thought it justifiable to speak of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and its authoress; and he observes that, as "Slavery is felt by us all to be a system of such exceeding wrong, our sympathies for its poor victims are kept so constantly aroused, and the desire to see it swept away is so urgent, that great numbers seem prepared for the employment of almost any means to effect the coveted object; and deluded into the belief that this hereditary, deep-rooted, and long-established evil is to fall under the blows inflicted by a well-told story. So completely," continues the editor, "has this *hallucination* betrayed some of the members of our religious Society into a disregard of what has heretofore been considered an important Christian testimony, that we find the following paragraph in the last number of the *British Friend*." Here the editor quotes our remarks upon "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and its authoress, which we need not repeat.

Now we think we may safely be permitted to say, that it is the furthest from our desire as individuals, to disregard any of the testimonies of our religious Society, or yet "to teach men so." Our unceasing effort as Journalists, as our readers can universally bear witness, has been in precisely the opposite direction. So that, to use the mildest terms we can think of, it appears to us very unfair and unfriendly of our contemporary, to assume, that because we participated in the universal approbation of Harriet Beecher Stowe's production, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," we are therefore under the popish hallucination which he names. In his zeal for one of our Society's testimonies, the editor has allowed himself to be carried beyond the bounds of charity, when he supposes we could ever dream of such a gigantic evil as American Slavery "falling under the blows inflicted by a well-told story!" We say his assumptions are eminently unfair, and no necessary deduction from our premises.

If Slavery, as the editor of the *Friend* confesses, "is felt by us all to be a system of such exceeding wrong, a deep-rooted, long-established evil," it appears strange to us, and we are sure it must so appear to every British mind, that there can be any reason to deprecate or doubt that the effect will be a good one, which a work like "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is calculated to produce. On this side the Atlantic, the public are so accustomed to look upon Slavery as the concentration of all that is black and vile, that it is impossible unduly to intensify indignation against the system. Yet the editor of the *Friend* tells us, he has no faith in the benefit which the admirers of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" anticipate from its world-wide dissemination, and asserts that such attacks have done more to retard than promote emancipation. We entirely differ from him herein, and believe that the effect of the perusal of this work has been such, that there is nothing which would be left undone in this country, or, indeed out of America, to abolish Slavery, if the means to that desirable end could only be pointed out, and shown to be consistently practicable.

But the editor goes much further; and says, now that the "Cabin" has been dramatized, why may not our members resort to the theatres, to have their feelings against Slavery roused, &c.? Really this appears to us to be going a little too far, and is but ill in keeping with that commendable spirit of calmness and moderation which has hitherto been characteristic of the *Friend*. We know that parts of Scripture have also been dramatized; but what member of our Society would think of rushing to the theatre to witness the performance, with the view of having the subject more indelibly impressed upon his mind?

Objecting thus decidedly, as we have seen the *Friend* does, to such works as this of Harriet Beecher Stowe, our readers will naturally be curious to know if the editor has any specific of his own to substitute. Let us hear him. After declaring the 'Cabin' to be *but a work of the imagination*, yet calculated *to kindle up the passions, or goad on to obey their impulse*, while its absorbing interest *must unsettle and vitiate the judgment*; the editor proceeds to say that "Slavery, as we well know, is a system of incalculable evil to our country, and we long to see the day when it shall no longer exist within our borders; but its removal can *only be effected by the slaveholders themselves!*" It is also folly, he says, to suppose that the very erroneous views and unchristian feelings of our southern brethren, "implanted by education and strengthened by the whole influence of southern society, can be changed or overcome by a work of fiction, however ingenious or well wrought it may be!"

While assuring our readers that we have the fullest unity with the testimony of our Society, in regard to the objectionable character and injurious tendency of novel-reading in general; we would remind our brother editor, that this testimony is not founded on Novels being works of fiction merely; but on account of the false and pernicious sentiments which they inculcate and exemplify. Now, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" enforces neither sentiments nor views of a deleterious character; it is not, as *he* stigmatizes it, a work of imagination; but being founded on palpable and undeniable fact, it is, we consider, an exception to a general rule; and has, we unhesitatingly believe, rendered most essential, nay, we will say unprecedented, service to the Anti-Slavery cause; and nothing that the editor of the *Friend* may be able to indite, will ever prevail to lower its character in the minds of the Christian public; or mar in the least its indescribable value, as an instrumentality of potent efficacy, towards the utter extinction of the foul abominations of American Slavery.

We feel that it would be a hopeless task, to attempt to convince our brother Editor of the mistake under which, as we conceive, he labours, in regard to this important matter. Fondly would we hope that *his* sentiments are not representative of our Society generally on the American Continent—though their Yearly Meeting Epistles frequently savour too much of the same, when they express a desire to do something, *when a right opening offers!* Certain, however, it is, as every Friend in this land well knows, that it was not exclusively or even chiefly by addressing the hearts and understandings of *British Slaveholders*, as the Friend proposes to do with the Americans, that Slavery was overthrown in our colonies. Had Abolitionists in this country restricted themselves to such a line of tactics, the evil would in all probability at this hour have been as rampant as ever. Where, we would ask, is the difference between American and British Colonial Slavery? Was not the latter sanctioned by the Imperial Legislature? and is not the like sanction extended to the "institution" by the Congress of the United States? To us it seems a very forlorn hope to enlighten slaveholders, when their interests tend so powerfully to blind them; so that it would seem much more natural to trust for the removal of so foul a stain as that of Slavery, to an enlightened conviction in the minds of the general public, especially the *professing Christian section of it.* Until this is accomplished—and one effectual means to this desirable end we consider the production of Harriet Beecher Stowe—we certainly view any attempt at abolishing Slavery by slaveholders themselves as of all expectations the most Utopian. With such a list of so-called reverend Divines and professors, as appear in last month's *British Friend*, arrayed in supporting, and that too from Scripture, this "domestic institution" of America, we ask is it not strongly allied to the extravagant and ridiculous, to expect slaveholders to "go ahead" both of the Church and the general public; and to look to them to abolish Slavery, either out of love to their sable brethren, or from a conviction of their own sinfulness in retaining them in bondage? Disposed, as we are, to make every reasonable allowance for the position in which American Friends may consider themselves placed in regard to this matter, we participate in the feeling common in this country respecting them, that they are not so alive to their duty as our Christian profession calls for; and hence their finding, so seldom, any right openings for service in this great work of religion, justice, and humanity. Nay, in the very last number of the *Friend* just to hand, we find it stated, that sundry of their *American* subscribers "feel themselves bound to withdraw their support from it on account of its strictures on "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" and the Editor has, in effect, to defend himself against being considered "Pro-Slavery!"—(*Glasgow*) *British Friend.*

AN ASTONISHED VIRGINIAN.

"What do they say of us in England?" was once the anxious inquiry of the thin-skinned Yankee nation. "What do they say of us in Virginia?" has very lately and very fully been answered in the *Religious Herald*, a Baptist newspaper printed in Richmond, Virginia.

To relieve our painful suspense on this topic, it appears that a correspondent of the said *Religious Herald* has actually penetrated this barbarian region, and, under date of "Madison University, Hamilton, New York," shows up to the world what manner of men we are. He broacheth the subject:

"Abolitionism is progressing! Ten years ago, Gerrit Smith, who is now elected to Congress from this district, was *stoned* out of Utica and Schenectady for simply *alluding* to this subject."

He lamenteth in his heart, the abandonment of this strictly constitutional and eminently patriarchal remedy, and bewaileth the degeneracy of these latter days:

"While now, his inflammatory declamation is listened to and applauded by a large majority of these people."

He showeth that not only the irreligious and profane countenance this abomination, but that heresy and apostacy have entered into the church, and that the evil one hath carried away "several ministers" bodily:

"Nor is this feeling confined to non-professors of religion; for if it were necessary, I could name *several ministers* here——who say that it is an unpardonable sin to hold God's image in bondage."

There! If that didn't touch the tenderest sensibilities and excite the liveliest horror in the minds of the slave-breeders and slave-traders who read it, we very much mistake. It assailed a most vital point—their strong religious sentiment. Hope H. Slatter held up both hands, and thanked God that he lived in a Christian country. The kidnappers of Solomon Northrup crossed themselves with fervour, at the mention of such ungodly heresy. If the Southern Board heed not this Macedonian cry, and send not missionaries to convert this benighted region, and these deluded "ministers," to a *pure* Christianity, they will be verily guilty. If they are short of funds, the sale of "those likely wenches, Sal, Sue," and others, for the New Orleans market, will amply supply them.

But our Virginian cutteth religion, and taketh to logic:

"Mr. Jefferson's doctrine that 'error may be tolerated when reason is left free to combat it,' is sound and impregnable. But *is* reason left free to combat the error of the Abolitionist? As Hamlet said, 'there's the rub?'"

Was ever logic clearer? He clincheth the argument and the "rub":

"They are too much excited on this subject to be *capable* of exercising their reasoning powers. They become monomaniacs whenever this subject is mentioned."

Q. E. D. "Where's Mr. Jefferson's doctrine," now? He proscribeth a specific for their cure:

"Were they to go among slaveholders, and witness for themselves the workings of the Slavery system, they might then, by the exercise of proper, legitimate reasoning, *arrive at just conclusions* respecting this institution."

This is the first time we ever knew a drapery of tar and feathers, a whipping post, a ducking in the mill-pond, or an incarceration in the calaboose, to be termed "just conclusions."

But our Virginian hath another and a weighty grievance, whereby he is impelled to cry aloud and spare not.

"There is a point in every relation of life beyond which forbearance ceases to be a virtue. No one from my portion of Virginia can submit, under any circumstances, to being placed on an equality with the negro. There are but few negroes in Hamilton; but those here enjoy *equal privileges with the whites!*—sitting together in church!! and eating at the table tete a tete!!!"

Did you ever hear the like? Yet this isn't all that chivalry suffered. Though he "came here prepared to submit to almost anything, in order to avail himself of the advantages afforded by Northern Institutions," his pursuit of learning at Madison University was, emphatically, under difficulties. In that refined, classic and gentlemanly style, which ever distinguishes chivalric *piety*, he hinteth at the topic, in these choice terms:

"A big black negro is now in this institution, reciting, debating, and eating with the white students—*et mirabile dictu!* two of these students pretend to hail from the sunny south.

I attended the literary societies of this institution on Friday evening last, and heard this negro read, in a loud, coarse, bluff voice, a criticism on a speech delivered at the preceding meeting by a *southern student!* Is not this an outrage upon the feelings of a white man? It was certainly past *my* endurance!!!"

Whereupon Mr. Virginian collecteth his traps, and trudgeth for home.

The fact is that Madison County is the wrong place, and Madison University the wrong college, for the overseer to crack his whip. By some freak of nature, the people have in their organization that strange article for the North—a backbone. So, when the modern patriarch comes along, and with a flourish of his gad, roars never so loudly, that a well behaved coloured student, or himself, must tramp—friend patriarch is coolly informed that he "can't leave too quick."

Mr. Henry L. Simpson, who is referred to in the coarse terms we have quoted, is every inch a man and a gentleman—whose acquaintance we deem an honour, and of whose friendship we are proud. He has been a student in the Grammar school, and in the University, for nearly six years. In native talent and intellectual acquirements he has but few superiors among his fellow-students. During his entire residence here, he has demeaned himself with the strictest propriety; and by his dilligent application to study, and his rapid advancement, no less than by his unobtrusive and gentlemanly demeanour, has won the esteem and respect of his associates, and his instructors. He has *lived down* prejudice, and, by his firmness and perseverance, has done service to his race and to humanity.

Yet this man, who has felt himself called to preach the gospel of Christ, and to obtain an education for that purpose, it is claimed by *professing Christians*, must be expelled, lest the sensitiveness of Northern flunkeys, and renegade Yankees who have gone south, be offended. To their eternal honour, the Faculty of Madison University say NO! Though, by this refusal, they have lost the most lucrative Southern patronage, they have no tears to shed. They have but simply done their duty, for which they ask no credit, and have never trumpeted their own praises. Since they have been thus publicly attacked at the south, we have thought it no more than proper, on our own responsibility, to state the fact as publicly at the North.—*Madison County (N. Y.) Journal.*

POOR CUFFY.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

Sir: So much has been said and written about poor Cuffy since the appearance of Mrs. Stowe's great book, that I feel much diffidence in handling a subject which has been so ably treated. There still remains much which has not been said, and much which ought to be said, before the inevitable reaction takes place, and the subject is, for the present, dismissed from the public mind. Many who are now ranting and raving on the subject will forget poor Cuffy when the excitement is over. "Woolly heads" and "nappy pates" will go out of fashion, and the black man's wrongs will not have been righted. May I, who am a Southerner and a slaveholder and the descendants of Southerners and slaveholders, make one more appeal for a down-trodden race, whose virtues are as familiar to me as is the memory of my mother's angel face? May I point to the patient, uncomplaining negro, and speak once, but once, for him who dares not speak for himself? I can feel for him, more than all the Abolitionists can theorize. I can speak for him, for I am not afraid. The great progressive age must pause to right *him*, before it can proceed to the accomplishment of its magnificent destiny. The black man must not be left behind with his wrongs. He, too, is a brother, and we should not scorn to take his rough hard hand, and lead him on in our triumphal march. I know the black man. I was born and raised with him; and he is eminently worthy of our sympathy and our esteem. His heart is, naturally, better than ours. Mrs. Stowe is right about his feelings. She is wrong in a great many things, but she is right there.

Negroes are, constitutionally, indolent, averse to prolonged mental effort, but generous, kind-hearted, patient and remarkably unselfish. I think patience and unselfishness are their predominating traits. They have much cunning and tact. Their minds seem to be inferior to their hearts. Perhaps good hearts have something to do in the formation of wise heads. And perhaps the very quickness and ready tact which now amuses poor Cuffy's masters may, some day, enable him to form a link in the great intellectual chain *above* the cool sagacity of the boasting Anglo-Saxon.

Southerners are the men who should set calmly and diligently to work to improve the condition of a race whose bones and sinews have been their willing and uncomplaining machines for so many prosperous years. They alone know the silent negro's wants. They are *obliged* to know what he needs. They should magnanimously acknowledge the fact and do what they alone can do.

I have taken no pains to collect a budget of opinions on this subject. I have asked no man what he thought about it. I know that all who are not unduly prejudiced must feel in their hearts that the institution as it now stands is morally wrong.

The subject has been too much *agitated*. Southerners have been goaded into blindness by imprudent agitators. They are furiously irritable on the subject of their peculiar institution. Northern men, who, in every suggestion they make, display their utter ignorance of the nature of this evil, which is so interlaced in our whole social system, have undertaken to teach us what to do. Less advice and more money might have done something. Reason, and Religion, and men's consciences, must do the work. Humane masters—by far the most numerous class—must calmly and conscientiously set to work. Laws must be made for the negro as well as for the white man. Meantime our brethren of the North must check their taunting, and their ridicule, and their mobs. Abolitionists must no longer hold up the sensitive victim of a barbarous institution as an object of loathing and disgust. The owner of slaves is to be compassionated. His duties and his responsibilities are heavy; and he feels them more than his Northern brother suspects. The taunting Abolitionist knows not what he does when he recklessly throws his fire-brand of insult into our midst. He knows not the nature of the institution he would abolish by such means. The master, whom he chooses to represent as the enemy, is often the best friend of the slave. An intelligent slave is not wont to regard his master as his persecutor, but as his protector.

Southern gentlemen can do, and have done, more toward the improvement of the condition of the slave than the northern fanatics. But still there are instances of barbarity coming within every man's experience—instances so revolting to the soul as to make us wonder why the hand of Avenging Power has been so long averted from our guilty heads. Slavery, as our laws allow us to use it, is crime. Let each slaveholder who deigns to read these pages call to mind some of the horrors of this barbarous institution which have occurred under his own eyes. They are not of every day occurrence. We are not, happily, habituated to them—but they *do* occur. I will not relate a single instance. I will not enter into the heart-sickening details. Enough has been said, but enough has not been done. There has been a marked improvement in the condition of slaves within the last few years, but there is ample room for more. The evil is not yet remedied, nor will it be until Southerners themselves take the matter in hand. Books might be written from now until doom's day, and the evil would remain. Mrs. Stowe might build up imaginary cabins all her life, and Southerners would no more heed her preaching than the voice of the winds, because they know she does not practice what she preaches. Should she ever accidentally remember that $20,000 would buy up twenty Uncle Toms for the enlightenment of Liberia, and do what she has the means to do, she would only be doing what cunning Yankees are civilly requesting Southerners to do as a matter of course. This is the only kind of northern preaching that benighted slaveholders can be made to understand. When a Yankee philanthropist tenders his purse, it is to slaveholders one of the most convincing arguments he can possibly use. They know immediately that the man is in earnest, and they respect him accordingly.

Still, an institution which we persist in defending is wrong. Still, though eminent divines may elaborately prove that it is one of God's commands; and though men noted in the Church may declare that their consciences are at peace on that score—still—still it is wrong. Many know it, and feel it, who will not say it. I have come out boldly from the depths of obscurity, and raised my voice for the oppressed. Let all who would make an honest effort to redress the wrongs of a race which deserves it at our hands say "aye!" Let right-hearted people confess the truth, and acknowledge that they know in their hearts it is sin. God knows it, and surely he will hear the lone cry in the dark hours, though it come from the broken heart of the slave.

The laws of the land should protect the negro. He should figure above the brutes in the statute books of the greatest nation under the sun. If he be ill-treated by the mortal who holds his body and soul in bondage, the laws of our great republic should allow him to appeal somewhere for protection. This heart-sickening "negro trading" should be put down. The horrible practice of collecting them in dens should be put down. The iron-hearted trader should be made amenable to the law for severing those holy ties which his brutal nature cannot be made to understand. The member of the Church who almost starves them should be punishable somewhere on earth. The respectable citizen who half clothes them should be closely overlooked by the law. We should no longer heed the plausible cry of interest, interest! The law of interest is no more sufficient to protect the poor slave than it is to protect the cow, or the horse, or the children, or the wife! The law of interest cannot make a humane man of a brute; neither does it keep a man sober; and the poor slave is his property, drunk or sober. Considerations of self-interest have very little weight with a drunken enraged master, or with a brutal exasperated overseer—or, indeed, with many who are neither drunk nor exasperated. When even the death penalty shall prevent every murderer from striking the fatal blow, then we may begin to talk about an enraged man being a law unto himself! Then we may talk about a brutal overseer, away in some lonely plantation, as likely to be a law unto himself!

It certainly is to our interest to be kind and merciful to our slaves. It is to our interest to preserve him physically so long as we can. One would naturally suppose that it would also be to a man's interest as well as bodily comfort to live soberly and temperately—not to endanger his own health; not to risk all he has upon the turn of a card; not to forfeit the good opinion of his fellow men, and not to do very many things which men are doing every day, and, from present appearances, are likely to continue to do until the end of time.

How much do you think considerations of self-interest are likely to weigh with a young hot-headed Southerner after dinner? Not so much as they weighed in the morning, perhaps. It is certainly contrary to my interests to write this very tirade, and yet I do it, and would do it again, if I were hooted at as an Abolitionist all my days. Thus we see that a man does not always consult his own interest, a fact which I need hardly labour to establish at this late day.

Now, with fear and trembling, and considerable anxiety concerning my temporal and spiritual welfare, I must say, with all due deference to Mrs. Stowe, that sometimes negroes are lazy, ungrateful, wicked, and provoking; and I must also remark for that mouthpiece of the Southern fair, Mrs. Tyler, that Southern ladies are not always "amiable and domestic." Some of them (alas! that I should say it) are real viragos, and make no more of giving a negro man nine and thirty with a cow-hide than they do of taking a chew of tobacco. Some of them are indolent, fashionable, and fond of pleasure, and careless alike of husbands, children, or slaves. Men and women are men and women everywhere. They are high-tempered and meek, brave and cowardly, cruel and humane, brutal and refined, from zone to zone, and should be governed accordingly.

Nevertheless, if all the ladies in the world were as amiable as Mrs. Tyler, and all the negroes were as good as Uncle Tom, would I cry out for reform? I would still cry out, until I checked this growing evil—until I put down this traffic in souls—until I exterminated the brute with the cow-hide under his arm—and the shameless wretch who comes into market biennially for fresh droves—and until I awake the sluggish good-natured slaveholder, who will not open his eyes and see!

Southerners!—You who are generous to a fault—you who are full of magnanimity and generosity—you who scorn to take advantage of the weak—you are the men to redress poor Cuffy's wrongs. He has been committed to your care for some mysterious purpose, and you are responsible for his well doing. I leave this matter to be settled between you and your God.

A VIRGINIAN.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

"A VIRGINIAN" in our last gives *his* view of the subject of Slavery and the relations of the North to the South as affected thereby. His position is substantially that of the humaner and more considerate minority of the Southern people, and therefore we are impelled to consider and comment upon it.

"A Virginian" freely admits that Slavery is essentially and grievously wrong—that it produces revolting barbarities and iniquities—that the negro-trader's vocation ought to be broken up—that the separation of families by sale ought to be stopped—that there are drunken masters and brutal overseers who are wholly unfit to be clothed with absolute power over human beings—that the slaveholder's self-interest is no adequate safeguard against the abuse of his bondmen, &c. &c. So far, he allows his better feelings fair play, and we thank him for his testimony.

But when he goes on to complain of *agitation*, and to assert that Northern people totally misunderstand the question, he only stultifies himself. If the evil be so flagrant as even he concedes it to be, then there *ought to be* agitation; it is not agitation, but indifference that is inhuman, un-Christian and perilous. For no community can ever fall into a greater delusion and danger than that of adopting the Atheistic presumption that their private and special interest may be advanced by acquiescence in and countenance to that which stands opposed to Immutable Justice and Eternal Right. In the presence of such a controversy, it is not Anti-Slavery but Pro-Slavery which is short-sighted, impolitic and fanatical.

"A Virginian" evinces gross inconsistency in talking of Mrs. Stowe's "imaginary cabins" and "the taunting Abolitionist's firebrand of insult." His own article proves Mrs. Stowe's cabins not 'imaginary,' for he admits the truth of the main propositions that Mrs. Stowe's book was written to establish. There is nothing more unlike "taunting" than Mrs. Stowe's writings, nor even those of Abolitionists generally, so far as they contemplate the humane, upright, generous slaveholder. But when we contemplate that large class who talk of Slavery as a deplorable evil inflicted on the unwilling South by British cupidity, and then ask us to pay the South Sixteen Hundred Millions of Dollars as a compensation for her slaves—when we see men asking us to consider and make allowance for the difficulties and perplexities under which the South labours—the impossibility of governing her Black population or providing for its subsistence otherwise than in Slavery, and find them the next minute hunting and hounding a poor fugitive who has volunteered to relieve the South of all farther perplexity or care on *his* account—nay, not content with hunting him themselves, but insisting that we too shall join in the cruel, cowardly chase—what *can* we think of them? We defy any man to state the case of a professed condemner of Slavery *in the abstract* who yet insists on adherence to and enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law in the pursuit and capture of Southern fugitives by Northern freemen, so that it shall *not* seem a "firebrand of insult." The fault is not in the statement, but in the thing to be stated, which no dexterity or oiliness of statement can render otherwise than absurdly inconsistent—a mark for satire so broad that every random arrow must hit it.

"A Virginian" asserts that "Mrs. Stowe does not practice what she preaches." How does he know? If he means that she does not liberally devote her means to the elevation of the unfortunate Coloured Race, we are sure he is wrong. Why is it that every one is accused of avarice and parsimony who does not see fit to trumpet his charities from every house-top? And do you not know, Sir, that far more is devoted to purposes of beneficence by those who carefully shun notoriety than by all who are known as liberal givers? *We* know that Mrs Stowe *does* devote her earnings generously to the benefit of the Coloured Race; but, even if we did not know it, we should never think of inferring her lack of benevolence from our ignorance of the particular channels of her bounty.

But "A Virginian" evidently implies that each earnest Abolitionist ought to prove his sincerity by descending into the slave-market and there expending his means in buying of Virginia's slaveholders her children—and perhaps *theirs* as well. He has a right to his opinion, but Abolitionists do not concur in it, and they have considered the matter, in all its aspects, much longer than he has, and more searchingly. The buying out of Slavery of a few negroes by "Yankee philanthropists" is not felt as a reproach by slaveholders, but rather as an admission of the rightfulness of their claim of property in their fellow-men; paying them to set some of their slaves free is inducing them to hold fast the residue until paid for them also. Now we are morally bound to consider the effects of our action, not merely on the half-dozen slaves we might emancipate, but also on the Four Millions that would still be left in bondage. With every disposition to agree with our halting Southern friends, we cannot embark in the Slave-Trade, even to gain their good opinion. It is a wretched business, and we wish to have very little to do with it.

One point more, and we close. "A Virginian" claims that the Slave's average condition has been very sensibly meliorated with a few years past, and now tends toward still further improvement. We believe this is true, and we further believe that this same improvement finds its main cause in that very "agitation" which our friend, with the entire South, so pointedly condemns. Had there been no Abolitionists at the North, there would have been no such improvement at the South. Even now, let a slaveholder abuse and torture his slaves, and the first thought of his neighbours is, "What a handle the Abolitionists will make of this! What a noise it will make at the North!" And so the whole Slaveholding class is bound to repress or conceal outrages upon Slaves by their masters, for reasons which would have little force if there were no Abolitionists. And one of the first fruits we noted of Mrs. Stowe's novel was a suggestion in *The Southern Press* that some improvement should be made in the laws regulating the Internal Slave Trade.

That the masters can do more for the slaves than all others—that they are generally kindly disposed toward them—no one disputes. 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' fairly represents the feelings of the better class of slaveholders in the character of St. Clair. But men educated as they are hate to be esteemed 'fanatical'—hate to set up for reformers, or seem to assume a philanthrophy which is a reproof to their neighbours. So they glide indolently along through life, loathing Slavery, execrating it, yet still persisting in it. The shock which will emancipate them from this apathy must come from without—the electricity is even now condensing in the calm, transparent sky. And whenever the day shall have palpably arrived to demand the Abolition of Slavery (which never stood stronger than it will seem to just before its fall), ten thousand voices will be heard in its condemnation at the South by men never before suspected of Abolition sentiments; and among all the auspicious results of Emancipation there is none that we shall more heartily rejoice over than the liberation of the Anti-Slavery sentiment of that section from the Terrorism that now stifles and falsifies.—*Tribune.*

The attention on our shores of Mrs. Beecher Stowe will, we trust, be turned to good account as regards the cause of slave emancipation. We are sure that that excellent woman will feel a great drawback to the pleasure which her visit to England is calculated to afford her, should the people of these realms content themselves with expressions of admiration of herself and her book. She has crossed the Atlantic, and now mingles in our midst, with the view, and in the hope, that her presence here may be made to subserve the cause which she has so much at heart.

Among the ways in which the American Anti-Slavery cause may be effectually promoted, there is one which cannot fail to suggest itself to every mind. There ought to be great public Anti-Slavery demonstrations in whatever towns Mrs. Stowe visits. We think we can answer for Glasgow and Edinburgh doing their duty; but the place to which we look with the greatest anxiety is London. The metropolis must not be satisfied with one great public expression of the abhorrence with which the people of England regard the existence of Slavery in America; but ought to have several such demonstrations. On other great questions which at times agitate the public mind, every section or district in the metropolis always has its meetings, at which to express the sentiments of its inhabitants. And why not on the subject of American Slavery? Surely it would not be possible to imagine a question more momentous in its moral, social, and religious bearing, or one more calculated to stir the human heart to its lowest depths. Why has *Uncle Tom* found its way into every house, and its more excellent characters found a place in every heart, but because the work so powerfully appeals to

the metropolis only once set the example, every populous town throughout the country will, we are sure, promptly and cordially follow it.

But who, it may be asked, is to take the initiative? We know not that the matter could be in more appropriate hands than in those of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. Let not our readers startle at the expression of such an opinion coming from the *Morning Advertiser*. They will doubtless remember how vigorously and how often we have attacked that body during the last few years. But on what ground did we assail it? Chiefly on the ground that it had, for a long time past, ceased, in effect, to be an Anti-Slavery Society at all. It had fallen asleep. It had become wholly inert. It ceased to deserve the name it bore. Instead of promoting, it obstructed the progress of Anti-Slavery principles in this country. The great object of all our assaults, was to arouse it to a sense of its duty. We sought to compel it to become in deed and in truth what it professed to be. And we assured the Committee in New Broad street, that if the Society were only to embark in the Anti-Slavery cause, heart and soul, and thus at least aim at fulfilling its functions in the holy cause of humanity, we should give it all the countenance and all the support in our power.

We are glad to say that we can at length discover unmistakeable symptoms, that the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society is beginning to turn over a new leaf. It has within the last few months made marked advances to what we were anxious to see it become. Anyone who reads its monthly organ, must at once make this discovery. The character of that publication is entirely changed. The *Anti-Slavery Reporter* of the last few months, and, especially of the last month, is as unlike what the same publication was a year ago, as it would be possible to imagine. Formerly the existence of the Abolitionists of America was ignored by the Broad street *Reporter*. Those whose reading on the question of Slavery had been confined to its pages, would have lived and died in ignorance of the names of Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, George Thompson, Edward Matthews, and Wells Brown, in connexion with American Slavery. It is otherwise now. Under the auspices of the able and energetic gentleman who has recently succeeded to the editorship, the *Anti-Slavery Reporter* has become a firm and faithful advocate of the slave—holding out the right hand of fellowship to all who honestly and zealously labour in the Anti-Slavery cause, however much it may differ from their sentiments on other subjects, and however much, also, it may, in particular cases, doubt the prudence of their mode of advocating Anti-Slavery principles.

This is the right course to take. It is the one which we have always taken, and one to which we mean to adhere. With the religious, or rather anti-religious views of many of the leading American Abolitionists, we have no sympathy. But that is no reason why we should not cordially co-operate with them on a question which they and we are at one. We do not meet as religionists—we meet simply in the character of the uncompromising foes of Slavery. While so associated together, let then all denominational differences, all religious diversities of sentiment, be put in abeyance, and the one grand object which we have in common—the extinction of American Slavery, be kept solely in view.

As an earnest of the thorough change which has taken place in the procedure of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, we may point to an address which the Committee have just issued, to the Christian denominations of England. To this excellent address we shall, on a future day, refer. It was much needed. It is very sensonable. It is faithful and forcible, and must be productive of great good. We hope to be able to give it to-morrow.

With, then, so decided and important a change for the better, in the views of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, it would give us much pleasure to see that body take the initiative in the series of metropolitan Anti-Slavery demonstrations which we have suggested. And here let us impress on the Committee the importance of promptitude. Mrs. Stowe is among us. The May meetings are at hand. In a few weeks we shall have all the philanthropy of the land in London. It would be much to be deplored were so many favourable circumstances to be permitted to pass away without being turned to profitable account.—(*London*) *Morning Advertiser.*

From The Liberator.

REPLY OF HON. HORACE MANN TO WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.

West Newton, April 19, 1853.

W. L. Garrison, Esq.—*Dear Sir*: I sit down to an unwelcome task. I deprecate a controversy with any man, and never was engaged in one in my life until first assailed. Last February, while far away in the performance of public duties, I found myself attacked, misquoted, maligned. I showed every charge of my assailant to be untrue. He then opened upon me with a broadside of new ones; and this he has now twice repeated. I have twice proposed to conduct our discussion, on those points where we are presumed to differ, without any reference to proving each other personally or historically wrong; but with the sole purpose of illuminating the path of political duty. Though the assailed party, and though I have been the assailed party, from the same source, for some dozen years, yet I proposed to make our discussion as impersonal as geometry. He spurns the peaceful proposition, and returns upon me with new accumulations of charges, longer and falser than before: the number of his columns increasing arithmetically—3 : 5 : 7; but the evil spirit of them geometrically—3 : 9 : 27. I cannot waive these attacks upon my personal character. I must defend my integrity, as a prerequisite to defending anything else. If any one thinks I feel these indignities too strongly, let him reflect how very easy a thing it is for human nature *to bear other people's provocations*.

As before, I cannot reply to all Mr. Phillips' assertions of non-existing facts; nor his denial of existing ones; nor expose all his sophisms. But the first two or three columns of his illogical and immoral congeries are peculiar. They are susceptible of being mapped out—that is, were a diagram—where '*Falsity*' will be the '*Quod erat demonstrandum*' of every proposition.

In all odious and offensive ways, Mr. Phillips accused me of 'guilt' in a public office, in regard to the rights of the coloured children of our State; of 'smothering convictions,' &c &c.; and then he rung many a change on these low and base imputations, which every honourable mind scorns. And yet, such is his sense of decency, that, in his last letter, he declares I ought to thank him for those vile arraignments. I cannot consent to learn the laws of gratitude, any more than those of honour or veracity, from such a teacher.

In addition to varied imputations of baseness, both of act and motive, Mr. Phillips made a general charge: that, in the movement of himself and friends to get coloured children into white children's schools, I never gave them 'one word of recognition, countenance or aid.'

To this, in my last, I gave eight distinct disproofs; and then stopped, not because my evidence was exhausted, but because he stood irredeemably condemned. Several of the facts I adduced were of a public character, such as men of ordinary intelligence could not plead ignorance of.

To these, Mr. Phillips has made eight distinct replies, repeating his disproved assertion, with additions still more offensive. These, I shall now examine. To save space, I shall state the substance of the points briefly, endeavouring to omit nothing of importance on his side.

1. To prove my interest and efforts in behalf of coloured children, I said that, nearly twenty years ago, I reported to the Blind Institution, as one of its Trustees, that the coloured children of the State should be admitted there on precisely the same terms as the white.

Mr. Phillips replies: 'The meetings and records of those Trustees were private.' 'What could I know' of opinions expressed 'in private,' &c. And so he leaps at once to the monstrous conclusion, that he could deny my acts, merely because he did not know of them.

But it is not enough for Mr. Phillips to affirm that a fact does not exist, because he does not know it—an argument which can be drawn only from assumed omniscience—but he represents the Blind Institution as a 'private' institution. Now, he knows that it is one of the Public Charitable Institutions of the State, supported and supervised by the State, and no more a 'private' Institution than the Insane Asylum at Worcester or the Supreme Court. I was a Trustee appointed by the State. If he wanted to know what was done there, was it my duty to go and *tell* him or his to come and *ask* me? Yet *now*, and after his ples of ignorance had been taken away, he re-affirms that I never gave them 'one word,' &c.

Then he goes on, in his reckless way: 'All that the Abolitionists, all that the public knew, was that the *only coloured child* who, about that time, applied for admission to the Institution *was refused*.' But why did he not add, what he must have known, that the child was refused because not of the age made necessary for admission by the standing rules of the Institution, and would have been refused if white? And why did he not say, further—which also he must have known—that the mother was told that when the child should arrive at the admissable age, it would be received? And further, too, that *seven* coloured persons have been admitted to the Institution since?

Such is his first untrue answer to my first disproof, which he accompanies, also, with a retinue of other untruths.*

* Since my last letter, I find that I did not state the case in favour of myself so strongly as I should. Dr. Howe, the Director of the Institution, writes me: 'I have searched the records, and find the matter was brought before the Trustees *in consequence of an application, made through you, for admission of a coloured child.*' Yet, Mr. Phillips holds me up as never-doing anything for coloured children!

2. The State Normal Schools, too, were Public Institutions, supported and managed wholly by the State. As a public officer of the State, I was one of the Visiting Committee. My residence was in Boston, as Mr. Phillips has indicated that he knew. Being there, an application came to me from Bridgewater, as I before said, to learn whether two coloured pupils could be admitted to learn whether two coloured pupils could be admitted to the school the next day. My prompt and express answer was, *Yes*.

See how Mr. Phillips evades this: 'I could not know, and surely was not bound to know, all the conversations Mr. Mann was holding in private'—'in his parlour or private rooms at Bridgewater.' He never gave us 'one word' in behalf of coloured children.

Here he asks if I remember the fable of the wolf and the lamb—representing himself under that emblem of innocence. Yes; and of the wolf in sheep's clothing, too.

3. 'Another disproof was that, 'nine years ago,' I published articles and arguments, in my *Common School Journal*, vindicating the right of coloured children to attend school with the white ones.

His reply is, in substance, as before: 'I never saw or heard of the articles in the *Common School Journal* to which he refers.' Therefore, he never gave us 'one word.'

4. Being an officer of the State, when the question of the coloured children's rights was referred to the City Solicitor of Boston, I wrote that gentleman an opinion in favour of their legal right to attend the white schools, and against their being separated.

Mr. Phillips replies: That was 'a private document, privately communicated to the City Solicitor of Boston'; calls it a 'whisper of a legal opinion into the private ear of a City Solicitor,' &c. Such are the fabricated premises from which he draws his inference that I never gave them 'one word,' &c. He then goes on to compare my conduct to that of Charles I. of England; and some of the particulars of the comparison are, that he 'broke his coronation oath'—'gave up his people to merciless inflictions'—'violated the articles of the Petition of Right,' &c. Is n't this atrocious?

5. I averred that I was consulted with in regard to the law of 1845, which the Legislature believed would secure equal school rights to the coloured children of the State, that I approved it, &c.

He replies that that sincere word was not 'one word'; because the Supreme Court *subsequently* construed the statute away.

6. I said that, in my Reports, I uniformly expounded the law as securing the same rights to the colored children as to the whites; that I laboured to make the practice conform to the theory, and when I left the Secretaryship, it had nearly done so.

Mr. Phillips replies: 'This is an evasion.' And then, in making a pretended quotation from my Tenth Report, he is guilty of a suppression, which, if purposely made (and, after our experience of what he is capable of doing in mutilating quotations, what charity can suppose it was not?) is base beyond the power of language to describe. Speaking of *Massachusetts*, and not of the nation at large—as I think the reader would suppose, from the way he has put it—after describing what she has done for the children of the aborigines, I went on to say, that 'when the equal, natural, and constitutional rights OF THE OUTCAST CHILDREN of Africa were invaded, she armed her courts of judicature with power to punish the agressors; thus showing, by the words which I have capitalized, my condemnation of the wrong-doers and my sympathy for the wronged. *Those words he suppresses*, and represents me merely as talking gibberish about the 'equal, natural and constitutional rights of Africa.' And then he declares the passage he has garbled to be 'a total misrepresentation,' 'a gross misrepresentation,' &c.

Mr. Phillips cannot truthfully deny these things: that he studied this Report, when it first appeared, to find his pretence for carping; that he had this part of it, at least, before him now; that he was at *The Liberator* office up to the time his letter was printed, last Thursday, and read the proofs, or had a chance to read them, and then that he sent out this mutilated, false quotation.

7. I said that the statute of 1845 did not expressly mention coloured children, and therefore, in codifying the laws, I added a commentary to give it the true interpretation in favour of the coloured children.

Mr. Phillips replies: 'Any *codification* must have been made after the Supreme Court's session, and so *after my criticisms. Of course, therefore, that does not belong to this discussion.*'

Now, the codification bears date Nov. 20th, 1849. The session of the Supreme Court at which the decision in Roberts *vs.* Boston—the coloured child who sued for being excluded from a white school—was not held till March, 1850. Yet Mr. Phillips says, 'any codification must have been made *after* the Supreme Court's session.' That is, supposing his readers might not have the means of detecting the misstatement, he tells them, 'I was right, and Mr. Mann was wrong; for November, 1849, came after March, 1850.'

8. I said, I always made it a point, whenever I went to visit schools in any town or city where a separation existed, to visit the coloured school.

Mr. Phillips replies—Of course he did. 'It was the formal routine of his office.' Mr. Phillips must know better. For example: had I visited all the schools in Boston whenever I visited the coloured school, it would have taken me, at the rate of four a day, about *a month* of school time. How was it possible for me to do what he says I did 'of course'? He knows I meant special attention. And if he says, I bestowed special attention '*of course*,' then how can he re-affirm that I never gave them 'one word,' &c.?

I have now closed the eight specifications disproving all his defeuces, as I did the original charge. But this is not all. He has the hardihood to affirm that the 'facts' set forth in these disproofs 'only deepen my guilt.' And he says, further, that even if I had 'opposed the separate education of coloured children, in articles published with the full responsibility of his [my] name,' though he might not have used the precise phrase he did, yet he 'should still assert exactly the same in substance, namely, that he [I] never gave us any substantial' or public assistance.' Certainly I never should have charged upon him so wicked a thing, as he has here declared he would do; but he must know himself best. Were not my *Common School Journal* and my Reports 'public'?

Mr. Phillips' first argument is this, that I said nothing and did nothing, because *he did not know it*. His second argument is that I said nothing and did nothing, because I did not accompany him to the house tops and the corners of the streets, to be seen of men, but wrought in not a less sincere and more effective way. And his third argument is, that when he besieged the Legislature, I '*was not there*'; and when he denounced the law before school committees, I '*was not there*,' &c.

But let me here ask why I have not as good a right to criminate and malign him, because, when I had a cause on my hands as great and sacred as his; and performed more labour for it each year than he ever performed in his life, *he did not help me*. Let me for a moment, adopt his language and see how it sounds. When I held meetings, under every conceivable discouragement, in behalf of all the children in the State, black and white, '*I charge that Mr. Phillips was not there.*' When, at Teachers' Institues, I taught all day, lectured every evening, performed all drudgeries, and even went with my broom in the morning to sweep out the school-room, to shame the people for their slovenliness, '*I charge that Mr. Phillips was not there*,' &c. &c.

But, no; this is not according to his philosophy. Wherever Mr. Phillips happens to be, there is Jerusalem and the Temple. If Kossuth pleads for Hungary, or Father Matthew for temperance, or the friends of education for their cause, without first going to beg his benediction, *they get his malediction*. His '*outer darkness*' is large enough for all white men, except the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society.

Before leaving this topic, I wish to correct one error into which I know many well-meaning persons have been led by Mr. Phillips and others. They have been made to believe that the Common Schools of Massachusetts were not opened to coloured children, *at all*. But ever since I had any official connection with them, in all the towns and cities of the State, except *four*, the colored children went to the Common Schools or High Schools promiscuously with the whites. And, in the excepted cases, they had separate Grammar Schools, to which they had free admission, just as the white children had to theirs. In Boston, the teacher of the coloured School had the same salary ($1500) with the teachers of the other Grammar Schools. The hardship consisted in their being treated as a separate class; in being obliged to go *by* white Schools, often to inconvenient distances; and, in a very few cases (I think in two towns only), in their being excluded from the High Schools. These were facts to be regretted and resisted, but not so bad as many have supposed.

I have examined, so much at length, Mr. Phillips' manner of argument, his ability to make facts or unmake them, and to mutilate his opponents' language, that on the residue of his letter I shall study brevity.

He says Henry Clay, Orville Dewey, Moses Stuart and others (besides me), have spoken of his 'denunciatory, unsparing and undiscriminating course' Yes, and so far they were right. It was the only sound part of their wretched arguments—the only thing that held their fallacies together. Pro-slavery men have won more converts and silenced more opponents by perpetually dinning this world-known fact into people's ears, than by all else they ever said. It was their grand resource, when every other argument failed. But not only the Clays and the Stuarts did this; but such men as Dr. Wm. Ellery Channing, and hundreds of others, including many of the colored people themselves, did the samp, as I have heard from their own lips.

Speaking of his recent speech, Mr. Phillips says, 'if my claim is [so] ludicrously exaggerated, it will only make me a laughing-stock, and so no harm be done.' Not so. Irreparable harm is done to every good cause, and especially to all reforms, when their advocates and champions bring contempt upon themselves by their infinite conceit, and awaken disgust towards their object by universal abuse. Especially in a new cause, the decorousness of the advocate attracts, before his argument convinces. Conceit, rabidness and what the law calls 'malice against all mankind,' throw the minds of men into a repellant state. Such unheard of arrogance, therefore, as signalized Mr. Phillips' late speech, does vast harm, not only to to the cause, but to co-workers. I never heard of, but two cases which equalled his late boastings. When I was a Trustee of the Worcester Lunatic Hospital, I was asked for the news by a patient who was hyperbolically monomaniac in the organ of self-esteem. I told him of a storm that had raged along the Atlantic coast, strewing it with wrecks and dead men. '*Ah, yes*,' said he, '*that was the night I whistled so!*' The other case was that of an old king, who said, 'Is not this great Babylon that I have built by the might of my power and for the honor of my majesty?'

Next: Mr. Phillips, having accused me of Jesuitism, attempted to prove the charge *by* Jesuitism, and now seeks to fasten that Jesuitism on me. I have no heart to inflict any severer punishment upon him for this than to quote the whole case from my last letter:

He fabricates both premises and conclusions. For example: In my last letter, I made a remark, on which Mr. Phillips in his last, made a comment. I collate both for the reader's perusal:

Mr. Mann's Remark.

'I had supposed that as an oath makes God a party to the transaction, it is binding in that sense in which He knows the party took it.'

Mr. Phillips' Comment.

'This is virtually the Jesuits' rule that promises are binding, not as the parties understand them, but as the promisor secretly intended. That is, a man may swear one thing, and mean another, and God justifies him!'

Now, in my remark, where is there any vestige or glimmer of an idea about promises *not* being binding 'as the parties understood them;' or about '*secret* intentions' governing; or about a man's 'swearing one thing and meaning another' or about 'God's justifying' men for lying or perjury? Where, I demand, is there any wink or odour of such base ideas? And yet, do not these ideas compose the whole substance of Mr. Phillips' comment? A Jesuit plainly enough, but which is he?

But he can't get a 'definite answer' from me in regard to a constitutional point. Let him cease his malign attacks upon my character and conduct, and he shall be welcome to the best answer I am able to give. I am as deeply interested in that question as he, and willing to discuss it with him; for if I am wrong, I desire to be convinced, as a sick man would desire to be healed,

He says that his 'being a sinner does not prove me a saint.' Would that it did; for then would not my calling and election be sure? Not that I would have him a sinner for that purpose; but if he is resolved to be one, why should I not take advantage of it, just as he takes advantage of our 'covenant with Death and agreement with Hell,' to transact his business under it, whether public or private?

Mr. Phillips occupies the next two columns in discussing the old question whether Free Soilers can innocently vote, or hold offices, State or national. But he has not advanced a new idea on the subject. He merely reiterates the old ones, that if Mr. Hale, as President, or Mr. Sumner, as Senator, should nominate or confirm judge or marshal, they would be personally responsible for the acts which those officers should do. This is amazingly loose. If the President appoints a judge, he is a judge until he resigns, dies, or is successfully impeached. If the Senate confirms a marshal, they have afterwards no more power over him than they have over the governor of Canada. Should they nominate or confirm a man whom they know, or have reasonable ground to suspect will execute the Fugitive Slave Law, then I admit they would be guilty; but who believes that any Free Soiler would ever do so? The framers of the Constitution are just as responsible for all the iniquities committed under it, as an upright President would be for honestly appointing a judge who afterwards should rob jurors of their prerogatives. A judge is not appointed, nor are appropriations made to pay him, that he may do unconstitutional, but only constitutional acts. I voted for Mr. Hale, therefore, among other things, that we might have good appointments. Had he needed but one vote to be elected, Mr. Phillips would not have given that one vote; but on a mere casuistical whim, as it seems to me, no better than those metaphysical or mathematical puzzles, which, though they can be proved true in one way, can be proved false in a hundred ways, he would suffer the reign of Slavery to continue forever. And so he construes my vote, given to get rid of the atrocities of the Fugitive Slave Law, as an act of damning immorality. Nay, he adds, 'Every voter in the last election was responsible for the election of President Pierce, and for all the *ordinary constitutional acts* he may do.' That is, for appointing pro-slavery governors and pro-slavery judges for the new territories! He might just as well say that the Mexican government is responsible for Slavery and polygamy in Utah, after they did all they could to prevent its conquest. Yet in this very letter, Mr. Phillips affirms that 'government is a necessary evil.' Well, can we have a government without any governors? But if *he* will not vote for any one officer whatever, and consigns to perdition every body who does, where is his 'necessary' government to come from? Hear, then, the conclusion of the whole matter. 1. We must have a government; it is a 'necessary evil,' an ordinance of God, and a fatality of the race. And 2. Our duty to the slave makes it a damnable sin to vote for any officer in this government.

What, then, will Mr. Phillips do! He will let others shake the tree of Death, while he picks up and eats its fruit! He says he has heard of a firm composed of a Christian and a Jew—the Christian keeping shop on Saturday, and the Jew on Sunday. Didn't the old '*De te fabula narratur*' come into his mind when he told this story? Didn't he see that only one point was wanting to make the analogy to his own case complete? Suppose a silent partner, whose superfine *conscience* would not allow him to keep shop Saturday or Sunday; but who goes to the money-drawer every Monday morning, and quietly abstracts his full share of the profits.

So of his Connecticut story about the Christian family, who kept one *unregenerate* son to sell the morally contraband articles which they manufactured. Surely, that was reasonable compared with Mr. Phillips' practice. The whole family obtained support from the unsanctified state of but *one* member in it. But here, only a few dozen of Abolitionists thrive and grow fat on the soul-destroying wickedness of more than three millions of *unconverted* voters. Not one sacrificed for many, but tens of thousands for one!

In this connection, Mr. Phillips writes out at length what he considers the meaning of my vote for Mr. Hale, last autumn. I hold the view of the Connecticut deacon to be much more orthodox, who, in 1848, endorsed the following on his ballot: 'Oh, Lord! I hold it to be the duty of the citizen to vote under the government that protects him. But I am in a great strait and agony of mind as to the candidate I should support. Sanctify, Oh Lord, for the good of the country, the ballot I now cast, which, on the whole, I give for General Taylor.'

Before passing to another topic, I wish to vindicate a statement I made, that for sixty-four years, no President had ever been called upon to do any constitutional act for the return of fugitive slaves. Mr. Phillips thinks this incorrect, and refers to Shadrach's case. I had not forgotton Shadrach's case, nor the application of Dr. Collins of Georgia, in which Mr. Fillmore played so servile a part. But in neither of these cases was there any exigency that demanded interference; and John P. Hale would have burnt off his right hand before he would have done either of those deeds. This is a matter of opinion, perhaps, and Mr. Phillips has a perfect right to his. I refer to it only to state my view of the question, because I do not mean to leave a single erroneous statement behind me.

But he adds, 'If Mazzini sent Kossuth a letter through the Austrian mail,' is he responsible for Marshal Haynau's crimes? Certainly he is, on Mr. Phillips' philosophy. On Mazzini's and mine, not. The whole thing is in a nutshell. If a government is so wicked that we must abjure all connection with it, and can do nothing in the remotest way to uphold it, then we can consistently receive nothing from it. On the other hand, if I honestly believe that I may participate in the righteous duties even of a government partially bad, then I may vote under it, or take office under it. But if I believe that any recognition of it makes me a partner in its guilt, then I must separate myself from it by a chasm wide as that between heaven and hell.

But Mr. Phillips says he has a 'right' to his 'property.' I admit this, in its fullest sense. But the question here is not one of *rights*, but of *duties*. What *rights* will his *duties* permit him to enjoy? Not one, that comes from 'a covenant with death and an agreement with hell.' Not one, that comes from what Mr. Phillips calls, in this very letter, 'a magnificent conspiracy against justice.' Not one, that comes from voluntary paying 'the captain of a gang of horse-thieves,' as he says again. But *he* exonerates himself from guilt, in paying taxes for the support of our government, because he must pay takes 'or starve!' Starve, then, and save your soul!

But, *secondly*, he argues that he may as well sit down and write his check on the bank, and give it to the tax-collector, as to refuse, and have his property distrained—especially as that might incur some half per cent. additional for costs. The Quakers and Nonconformists did not think so. Not a volition of theirs went into the public treasury. But Mr. Phillips compromises to save the half per cent., and in the same moment exclaims, 'Compromise is the American Devil.'

But again, Mr. Phillips pays under duress! How duress? Because, 'Suppose I refuse, government takes my house, sells it, and takes the money.' And so this sanctifies his paying money to carry back Thomas Sims. Well, if half per cent. additional for costs constitutes duress, and thus takes off the guilt from Mr. Phillips' soul, why cannot I get absolution at the same shrine? This otherwise glorious sun of American Republicanism, rising for the healing of the nations, with but one foul spot on its resplendent disk, shall I strike it down and leave the world in darkness?—these children of the State, these matrons, these schools, and churches, and glorious charities and philanthropies, all organized and at work, shall I consign them to the murderer, the ravisher, the incendiary and the Vandal, or else vote? and is not this as plausible a case of duress, to any but a soul all damned into selfishness and egotism, as the saving of his house, and half per cent. for costs?

But what is Mr. Phillips' remedy for a government under which it is so wicked to vote? 'Refuse to join it.' And yet, it is within bounds to say, that if all the points in which a man can join in a government were counted out and set down, Mr. Phillips' joins in thousands where he refuses to join in one. Against post-offices, copy-rights, patent laws, custom-houses, light-houses, roads, schools, churches, colleges, courts, against the religious society to which he may belong, and the stock company in which he may invest—he has a *Per Contra* of two items only—refusing to vote and to be voted for. He petitions school committees, city government, State government, United States government, while he pronounces the very act of holding office, and being the subjects of petition, to be a sin. From the day when his body was brought in the world by a *licensed* midwife, till the last anxious prayer is said over him by a priest *canonically and legally ordained*; and he is laid in a mahogany coffin that has paid *custom-house duties*, carried on a hearse hired of a *body-politic*, and deposited in *incorporated* Mount Auburn—during all this period from birth to marriage, and from marriage to death, he lives, moves and has his being, under the law—under a government, any complicity with which is death and hell. From his genesis to his exodus, he sits down at the common banquet of life, eats more unclean things than were prohibited by the Mosaic code, drinks of every Circean cup that government mingles, and while he consigns his table-companions to perdition for their indulgence, expects to go to heaven himself on 'Total Abstinence.' In this 'hell' of a government, he washes and cooks by the common fire—only insisting all the time that he will stand back far enough behind those who stir it up and keep it going, to escape being personally singed.

2. If Mr. Phillips abjures the government in two ways, while he mingles with it and upholds it in ten thousand others, seeing his 'sacrifice,' such '*sacrifices*' as walking by day and sleeping by night, under the protection of the government, being educated at its public schools, and at Harvard College, inheriting patrimonies, having order instead of violence in his neighbourhood, and marriage instead of concubinage in his house—others seeing these immense '*sacrifices*,' (!) 'LIGHT WILL SPREAD.' This kind of light has been spreading for twenty years—and with what result? In other words, how many non-voters has Mr. Phillips on his list? How many can he ever expect to have, while he exhibits the ridiculous and perverse spectacle of maintaining that men who are legal voters shall not vote; but that women who are not legal voters shall be made so?

Mr. Phillips' idea of escaping responsibility, merely because he abstains from suffrage, while he does every thing else, is like that of John Cashart in the 'Rescue Trials.'

'*Question by Counsel.*—In these cases of private flogging, do you inquire into the circumstances, to see what the fault has been, or if there has been any?

'*Answer by Cashart.*—That's none of my business; I do as I am requested. The master is responsible.'

I get all the good I can out of the government, says Mr. Phillips. When the tax-gatherer comes, 'I do as I am requested.' The government is 'responsible.'

The truth is clear. On my theory—on the Free Soilers' theory—the path of duty is plain. Because government is a 'necessity,' we take part in those departments of it which involve no violation of the 'Higher Law.' But Mr. Phillips' theory, while it professes the greatest abstract holiness, necessitates the greatest practical guilt. I do not now mean guilt of motive, but wrong in action—a distinction I shall dwell upon below. He soars above the earth; he will not contaminate himself with any of its impurities; he will breathe only the poor ether of the empyrean; he holds himself far aloft by that 'golden, everlasting chain' which Homer says was let down from heaven by the Sire of gods and men. But, alas! while suspended at this perilous height, if he relinquishes his hold to clutch even at one of the good things which government bestows, in briefer time than while my pen makes this dash,—Mr. Phillips is in the bottomless Tophet.

But if I am wrong in sueing, that does not make Mr. Mann right in voting, says he. *It is amazing that Mr. Phillips does not see, that while he judges and condemns* ME *on his theory he defends* HIMSELF *on mine.* He arraigns me on the 'suffrage question.' I reply: Government is a necessity, and our government, on the whole, a great good. I arraign him, on his 'death and hell' definition of it. He replies: Government is a 'necessary evil.' Why should not I enjoy its advantages as well as you?

Mr. Phillips thinks he has detected me in an inconsistency, because I once spoke of the decisions of the Supreme Court as the law of the land 'until set aside,' and at another time, said that the Court had given 'an authoritative decision,' while I now hold that the Congressional oath does not bind me to an implicit obedience to the decisions of that tribunal. On the whole, perhaps, Mr. Phillips makes about the proper number of distinctions; but the trouble is, he makes them where there is no difference, but fails to make them where there is. Both my positions are entirely satisfied by the obvious distinction that, as mere citizens, we are *subordinate* (except in cases of conscience) to the Supreme Court; but as members composing the Congress of the United States, we are *co-ordinate* with that body, and in a large class of cases may even set the decisions of that Court aside—as we did in one instance last winter.

Mr. Phillips knows of no opinion of General Jackson which would cover the ground I took in my last letter, on this subject of *co-ordinate* authority. In the sentence next preceding the quotation I made from his Veto Message of 1832, *is* such an opinion. But Mr. Webster's opinion, which he refers to, does not touch the case of a co-ordinate branch of the government.

But I must leave many points untouched, in order to say a few words, at the close, on that 'round and top' of his absurdities and sophisms—his defence of himself for petitioning the coming Convention to make woman voters—and Governors, Senators and other office-holders, too—for his prayer includes this. His propositions, taken consecutively, are in substance these:

1. 'The voter, being in some States under an express, and *in all*, under an implied oath to the Constitution, is legally bound to help catch fugitive slaves if required to do so by a Marshal.' *See his letter of March* 21.

2. 'Gentlemen of the Convention, I pray you to make women legal voters, and legal candidates for office, so as to bring them under an express or implied oath to help Marshals catch fugitive slaves, whenever so required to do; this being a measure of vital importance to the welfare and progress of the State, and one of the most important of civil reforms. And as in duty bound will ever pray.' Signed, 'Wendell Phillips,' and others. *See Mr. Phillips's Petition in the Liberator of March* 4, *&c., with requests that the Petitions, when filled, may all be sent to him.*

3. 'When women obtain the right to vote and to hold office, I shall immediately argue that they ought not to *exercise* it.' *See Mr. Phillips's letter of April 7th.*

Why did he not append this last article as a postcript or codicil to the petition itself? If such are his opinions, 'should he not have plainly said so'? Was there no 'lack of frankness' here? Did he not 'smother his convictions' at all, and play at 'Compromise' with the 'American Devil'? Had he or had he not the same mental reservations—nullifying his purpose and stultifying himself—when he 'beseiged the door of the Legislature,' or petitioned the Boston Alderman for the use of Faneuil Hall, or Congress on the subject of slavery, or signed the 'mammoth Latimer petition'? Does not this present the subject of the Right of Petition in somewhat of a new light? Was it the object of both governments, State and National, to secure by constitutional guaranties the right to petition, not for what the people do want, but for what they do not—for what they despise, execrate, and believe a soul-destroying sin. Really, on these principles, what we thought the ever-execrable 'Twenty-First Rule' was not so very bad a Rule after all. Is only saved people from showing themselves cheats and dunces.

But this does not exhaust the case. Mr. Phillips can be terse as well as terrible. In the last column of his last letter, within the space of *five* consecutive lines, he has these three propositions: 1. 'The *possession* of the right to vote is no sin.' 2. 'The *exercise* of that right is.' 3. 'Many will vote'—that is, many women will vote, if invested with the power. Christ said, in the wisest prayer ever made, 'Lead us not into temptation.' Mr. Phillips digs a pitfall for all the women of Massachusetts to fall into—nay, pushes them into it; and yet, he has no responsibility—no more than Caphart. He does not send Sims to bondage; he only pays the money, to save half per cent of costs. He does not bring all the mothers and sisters of the State into a condition where they are under an express or implied oath to help catch fugitive slaves; he only gets the Convention to do it, assuring them, with the most solemn of faces, that 'it is a measure of *vital importance* to the welfare and progress of the State' and one of the most important of civil reforms'!

But perhaps Mr. Phillips will say that women may vote, notwithstanding this 'express or implied oath,' and still do it conscientiously; and then, *to them*, it will be 'no sin.' If so, then do not all his accusations against Free Soilers fall to the ground?

But there is a graver view of the subject than any yet taken. I am willing to suppose that hideous wrongs may be done, yet under such circumstances of ignorance or superstition, that they involve no moral guilt. But though the *doer* should stand exculpated, yet all the *natural* consequences of the wrong will be visited upon the world. And as all wrong violates the order of the universe, it must result in suffering and loss, just as certainly as contact with fire brings pain. So Mr. Phillips prays that women may be allowed to vote; knows that they will violate their express or implied oath to the Constitution if they do not vote, and commit 'sin' if they do; knows that 'many will vote;' and even supposing that some can vote under such circumstances as will not incur personal guilt, yet he also knows that the inevitable *natural* consequences of their wrong-doing will be visited upon themselves and the world forever! Now, this is not *Ethics*, but *Diabolics*—I must have a new word for a new iniquity! Mr. Phillips said, a little before this, that he claimed 'to know right from wrong.' And he offers this 'Theory and Practice of 'Diabolism' in proof.

But now look at the Logic by which he defends his horrible doctrines. I will refer, though with condensation, to every one of his arguments or analogies. He would defend Daniel Webster's right to speak, and Orville Dewey's right to lecture, and the coloured man's right to enlist in the militia, and any man's right to belong to any religious denomination, and to worship in any church, though he would not 'for all California' do the things that have been done under these rights. But is it possible he can be so blind as not to see that the right to speak, to lectures, to defend one's country or keep the peace, to investigate and choose one's religious faith, and to worship God, are, every one of them, *rights to do right things*—RIGHTS TO DO RIGHT THINGS, I repeat? But if voting under our government be a 'sin,' and non-voting, for the voter, be perjury, then voting, in all forms and under all conceivable circumstances is wrong. There is no way to vote without incurring either moral evil or natural evil—generally both, always the latter. Mr. Phillips, therefore, petitions to make all women offenders. It is a thousand times worse that the old Popish doctrine, which sells indulgencies to commit sin only to customers who applied, and had the money to pay. Here, he forces the indulgences upon all women, whether sought for or not, and gives them *gratis*.

There is, or lately was, a sect of religionists in India called Thugs, who traversed the country from side to side, decoyed strangers to travel with them, by showing all acts of apparent kindness and courtesy, then fell upon them and murdered and robbed them. Should Mr. Phillips petition the East India Company to make Thuggery lawful, throughout all its dominions, knowing that *many would become Thugs*, and that all who did not become so would violate some '*express or implied oath*,' he would have a case exactly parallel to the one he now defends. For can Thuggery itself be any thing worse than a 'covenant with Death and an agreement with Hell'? But this must suffice for this time.

Mr. Editor, this controversy has been eminently painful to me, and, I fear, not useful to the public. I respect the talents and zeal of my opponent in the noble cause of Human Freedom, and I honour the self-denial of any man, who, at great sacrifices, subjects his life to his convictions of duty. But this controversy has been now protracted, I suppose, far beyond what either of the parties to it originally expected. According to all rules, as I am the party assailed, the closing word belongs to me. There are great questions between the Anti-Slavery voters and non-voters, which I should be willing to discuss; for I have long wished that we might have their co-operation at the polls. I therefore propose to Mr. Phillips, *again and for the third time*, that our discussion, if more discussion there is to be, shall be so directed as to make political principles more luminous, instead of political characters less estimable. As neither of us is a candidate for any public office, we do not come within that great moral rule which justifies the public discussion of private vices or delinquencies. Horace Mann.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* Sydney Howard Gay, *New-York.*

†† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* Francis Jackson, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* Sydney Howard Gay, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1853.

NINETEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of The American Anti-Slavery Society will be held in the city of NEW YORK, AT THE CHINESE ASSEMBLY ROOM, No. 539 Broadway, on Wednesday, May 11th, 1853, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The Business Meetings of the Society will be held in the large Committee Room of the same building, on the Afternoon of Wednesday, May 11th, and on Thursday. It is very desirable that large delegations from all parts of the country shall be in attendance, not only at the public Anniversary, but at these subsequent private meetings for the transaction of important business in relation to proposed operations of the Society for the ensuing year.

The meeting will be addressed by Rev. Dr. Furness, C. Lenox Remond, Wendell Phillips, and others.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, President.
WENDELL PHILLIPS, S. H. GAY, } Secretaries.

MRS. STOWE'S RECEPTION IN GREAT BRITAIN.

The latest arrivals from Great Britain have apprised us of Mrs. Stowe's safe arrival in that country, and furnished us with full and very interesting accounts of her reception both at Liverpool and Glasgow. The interest which all American Abolitionists feel in her movements, and the importance of those movements to the cause, would justify the devotion of a large space to the report of the circumstances attending her advent among our transatlantic friends; but the pre-occupation of our columns by other matter compels us to abbreviate that report, though we shall endeavour to present its most satient points.

Mrs. Stowe, accompanied by her husband, Rev. Calvin E. Stowe, D. D., and her brother, Rev. Charles Beecher, ar

try, have our work. You have your millions doomed to servitude by law—we our ignorant and neglected masses, the accumulation of ages past. But we shall fulfil this work on both sides the more advantageously from mutual remonstrance and counsel. While we continue to tender them as we have done to your country, we shall not shrink from receiving them; and then, freed from these imperfections and impurities, we shall hold up to both hemispheres an example of peace based on freedom, which they shall be ready to admire and emulous to share.

The Address of the Gentlemen's Committee was marked by the same earnest spirit that characterized that of the Ladies.

Dr. Stowe's reply is thus sketched by the Glasgow *Mail*.

He expressed satisfaction that in the documents presented to him, and in all he had seen of the Anti-Slavery feeling in this country, there was nothing of acrimony or violence, which only proved prejudicial to any cause they were employed to promote. Slavery was a dreadful evil, yet it would never be put down but by truth and kindness. He related the circumstances in which his family had been placed in regard to Slavery, and mentioned that the deep affliction which the Fugitive Slave Bill had occasioned to Mrs. Stowe had determined her to write 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' The first part of it that was written was Uncle Tom's death. He found it in the room; and having read it, said to Mrs. Stowe, 'This will do; complete this sketch and it will certainly be useful.' She thought of writing only a pamphlet; but the subject grew upon her, and it ultimately terminated in the work with which they were acquainted. He expressed his conviction that nine-tenths of the people of America were in their conscience against Slavery. As a proof of this, the Fugitive Slave Bill could not be enforced. Thousands of slaves were running away, and only about 25 under this act had been sent back. Where parties were tried for aiding the runaways, no jury would convict. The attemp had been repeatedly made, and not one conviction had been obtained, even where the proof was clear and abundant. One black man had been fined two hundred dollars, but it was under a former act, because the jury would not convict under their later and more hated enactment. This was the first and only conviction, and he believed it would be the last. Let the friends of the negro in America and in Britain exert themselves calmly and yet resolutely, and they couldn't fail under God's blessing to achieve his emancipation.

On Friday evening, a grand Soiree in honour of Mrs. Stowe was held in the City Hall of Glasgow, upwards of 2,000 people being present. Many of the tickets were sold at a high premium by persons who were willing, for a pecuniary consideration, to forego the pleasure of attending. When Mrs. Stowe, leaning on the arm of the Chairman, John M'Dowall, Esq., descended to the platform, the enthusiasm of the immense audience gave vent to itself in vociferous cheering, the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and other demonstrations of delight. The *Mail* introduces in this connection the remarks of the Liverpool *Mercury* upon Mrs. Stowe's personal appearance:

All the portraits of Mrs. Stowe which are exhibited in the shop windows are little better than caricatures. Instead of the hard, frigid look which they bear, her countenance wears a soft and gentle expression, quite in accordance with her affable and pleasing manners. When in repose, her face is of a quiet, observant, thoughtful character; but in conversation, especially on the subject with which her name is now and will for ever be identified, those soft blue eyes light up with brilliant animation, betokening the strong emotional feelings at work within. She is quite ready to converse, and promptly responds, with a confidence that manifests intelligence and not dogmatism, to every inquiry and all objections. The terrible facts of American Slavery she has at her fingers' ends, and with facile readiness she marshals them to the entire destruction of the clever sophisms which the apologists of Slavery know so well how to weave; and yet the feeling always in the ascendant with regard to the slaveholder is that of pity and commiseration. She holds the scales with an even hand, and no indignation at the atrocities of Slavery leads her to forget that to have been born amid slave institutions is a dire calamity to the 'owner' and the owned.

No consciousness of her fame ever, by any chance, intrudes itself; and, as far as her manners and bearing go, she might be only an intelligent American lady, who had never previously been heard of out of her native Litchfield. The same simple, genuine naturalness that gave such power to her book belongs in an eminent degree to the character of the author, and will confirm the golden opinions which her pen has already won for her wherever she goes. No amount of unexpected fame will lead such a woman to look with a less pure and single eye to the righteous object of her labours—the emancipation of 3,000,000 of human beings now held as chattels in the Southern States of America.

The *Mail* gives its own impressions of the gifted author in the following words:

Mrs. Stowe is a pleasant looking lady, middle aged, with striking American features and agreeable expression. Her cheek bones are prominent and angular; her nose long and pointed; her lips full and firm. She is about the middle size. The likenesses ordinarily to be seen in the shops, and published in the newspapers, are mere caricatures, and do not convey any accurate idea of her lineaments. The artist ought to be sued for libel. She was dressed at the soiree in an open straw bonnet, over which was thrown a black veil, and she wore a black satin high-necked frock.

A large number of the most distinguished gentlemen of Glasgow, including Dr. Wardlaw and several other noted clergymen, and a brilliant circle of ladies, were upon the platform.

After tea, the Chairman made a suitable address, explanatory of the circumstances under which the company had assembled, and referring in proper terms to the guest of the occasion and to the relatives by whom she was attended. He said:

This monster evil [Slavery] has been long ago expelled from the British colonies by the power of British Christianity. France has been washing her hands clean of it, and even priest-ridden Spain, it appears, is preparing to let her captives go free, while America holds her victims with a firmer hand than ever. But America must relax her hold—she must go with the times there is no help for it (applause). Let them but give to the thousands of true hearted Abolitionists in their country, freedom of speech and freedom of the press, and how long would Slavery last? Especially let them read and answer if they can, that wonderful book 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' [At the mention of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' the immense audience as with one consent rose to their feet and greeted the talented authoress with immense rounds of applause. Mr. Stowe took his amiable lady by the hand who then rose from her seat and gracefully bowed her acknowledgement of the compliment.] I know that slaveholders affect to despise it, and call it a 'spicy production,' even so I have no doubt that the Philistines entertained similar thoughts respecting David when he advanced to meet their champion with nothing but a sling and a smooth stone out of the brook, and yet that little stone struck the giant in the forehead, and laid him low (immense applause). Of late years, American Slavery had received many a stunning stroke; but now, a smooth stone had been launched at the head of that monster, and had struck him in a vital part, and already we think we can see him staggering to his fall, and what a shout of joy shall civilized humanity raise when the cry is heard coming over the wide Atlantic—Slavery is fallen, is fallen, and shall rise no more for ever! And the smooth stone that has inflicted that stroke was thrown by the hand of a woman! A thousand blessings rest on the noble woman that threw it (immense applause). I am sure you will permit me, in your name, as I also venture to do in the name of this great commercial city, to bid Mrs. Stowe a most hearty welcome among us (renewed applause), Though she had never set foot on European ground before, she is no stranger to us; by an unprecedented effort of sanctified genius, she had suddenly obtained a European celebrity. Not to speak of our own country, where nearly one million of copies have been sold, 'Uncle Tom' is a universal favourite in France, Belgium, Prussia, Austria, and even in Russia, and who can calculate the amount of good which this vast circulation may achieve. Mrs. Stowe is the daughter of an illustrious sire—the wife of one of the most distinguished Biblical scholars in America, but she has won by her own pen, and for herself, immortal reputation. Long may she live to bind up those hearts that Slavery has broken, and to dry up those tears that oppression has so often caused to flow.

Rev. Dr. Wardlaw then made an excellent speech, full of happy hits and replete with sound argument. We present the following extracts:

As a work of art, Uncle Tom's Cabin bears upon it, throughout, the stamp of original and varied genius. And yet, throughout, it equally bears the impress of nature—of human nature—in its worst and in its best, and all its intermediate phases. The man who has read that little volume, without laughing and crying alternately—without the meltings of pity, the thrillings of horror, and the kindlings of indignation—would supply a far better argument for a distinct race than the negro (laughter and cheers). He must have a humanity peculiarly his own. And he who can read it without the breathings of devotion must, if he calls himself a Christian, have a Christianity as unique and questionable as his humanity (cheering). Never did work produce such a sensation. Amongst us that sensation has happily been all of one kind. It has been the stirring of universal sympathy and unbounded admiration. Not so in the country of its own and its gifted authoress's birth. There, the ferment has been among the friends as well as the foes of Slavery. Among the former all is rage. Among the latter, while there are some—we trust not a few—who take the same high and noble position with the talented authoress, there are too many, we fear, who are frightened by this uncompromising boldness, and who are driven back rather than drawn forward by it—who 'halt between two opinions'—and are the advocates of medium principles and medium measures. By many among ourselves, the excitement which has thus been stirred is contemplated with apprehension. They regard it as unfavourable to the cause of emancipation, and likely to retard rather than to advance its progress—I must confess myself of a somewhat different mind. That the cause may be obstructed by it for a time, may be true. But it will work well in the long-run. Good will ultimately come out of it. Stir is better than stagnancy. Irritation is better than apathy. Whence does it arise? From two sources. The conscience and the honour of the country have both been touched. Conscience winces under the touch. The provocation shows it to be ill at ease. The wound is painful, and it naturally awakens fretfulness and resentment. But by and by the angry excitement will subside, and the salutary conviction will remain and operate. The national honour, too, has been touched. Our friends across the wave boast, and with good reason, of the free principles of their constitution. They glory in their liberty. But they cannot fail to feel the inconsistency of their position, and the exposure of it to the world kindles on the cheek the blush of shame and the reddening fire of displeasure. Now, the blush has a right source. It is the blush of patriotism, it is for their country. But there is anger with the shame, for few things are more galling than to feel that to be true, which you are unable to justify, and which, yet, you are not prepared to relinquish (applause). On the whole, I cannot but regard the agitation which has been produced as an auspicious, rather than a discouraging omen. It was when the waters of the pool were troubled, that their healing virtue was imparted. Let us, then, hope that the troubling of the waters by this ministering angel of mercy may impregnate them with a similar sanative influence—(The rev. doctor here pointed towards Mrs. Stowe, while the audience burst out with enthusiastic acclamations and waving of handkerchiefs)—and thus ultimately contribute to the healing of the ghastly wounds of the chain and the lash, and to the setting of the crushed and bowed down erect in the soundness and dignity of their true manhood. It may sound strangly, that, when assembled for the very purpose of denouncing 'property in man,' we should be putting in our claims for a share of property in women. So, however, it is. We claim Mrs. Stowe as ours—(renewed cheers)—not ours only, but still ours. She is British and European property as well as American. She is the property of the whole world of literature and the whole world of humanity (cheers). Should our Transatlantic friends repudiate the property, they may transfer their share—(laughter and cheers)—most gladly will we accept the transference.

Rev. Dr. Robson was the next speaker. He described, in forcible and eloquent terms, the effects produced by "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and from a comparison of the struggle in Great Britain for the overthow of Slavery in the Colonies with that now being waged for the extermination of the same system in America, derived a lesson of encouragement to the Abolitionists of Great Britain and the United States. We can copy only this brief passage:

Mr. Chairman, meetings like the present do us good. They bring into play the best and holiest principles of our nature. They draw heart to heart in the great cause of our common humanity lying wounded and bleeding under a system which outrages all the rights of that humanity, and tramples under foot the principles and the precepts of God's eternal and most blessed Word. There may be those who shrug the shoulder, and shake the head, and hesitate disapproval, and talk about delicacy, and the proprieties. Sir, I wonder what great cause ever has been, or ever will be, benefitted by persons of their cast of mind. I wonder when, in their estimation, would be the proper time, and what the proper circumstances, to speak out boldly and fearlessly on the subject of American Slavery. With all deference to them and to their scruples, I say, that when we have an opportunity like the present of concentrating and giving expression to British sentiment and British sympathy, we should sin against God, and sin against our common nature, if we were not to speak out, and, instead of listening to their scruples and objections, but listening rather to the sighs and groans of more than three millions of our suffering fellow-creatures unjustly held in cruel bondage, tell our brethren across the blue waters that, while honouring and loving them for all that is great and noble in their character and institutions, we yet with our whole souls abhor the system of domestic Slavery upheld in the midst of them, and that with our whole energies we shall seek its overthrow (cheers). It is not possible, sir, to move forward bodily and honestly in any great reformation without exciting prejudice and hostile feeling on the part, it may be, of very many. We may deplore it, but we cannot help it; and to permit this to bar our onward movement, or to turn us back, would be to prove recreant to the cause of truth, and justice, and liberty.

To the congratulations of the assembly, as expressed by the speakers, Professor Stowe made the following reply:

Professor Stowe then rose, amid a perfect burst of cheering and waving of handkerchiefs, and, in a tone of voice sometimes tremulous with emotion, and now and then exuberant with a quiet quaint humour, proceeded with his address, turning round occasionally to those seated on the platform behind him. He begged, in the name of Mrs. Stowe and in his own name, to thank them for the cordiality of their reception, but he could not find words to do it. Was it true that all this affectionate interest was merited (cheers)? He could not help feeling in regard to that book, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' as the negro said, 'I don't 'spects any one ever made it, I 'spects it grows' (a laugh). Under the pressure of the horrid fugitive slave law, on a mind like that (pointing to Mr. Stowe), the book sprang right up from the soul ready made. And sometimes, when amid the outpourings of vituperation, he had seen the modest and quiet expression of Mrs. Stowe's face, he could not help thinking of the poor little boy in school, who, on being found fault with one afternoon, said, 'Please, Sir, I did not whistle—it whistled itself' (a laugh). Now, that was the truth of this book. He regretted exceedingly that in consequence of the very enfeebled state of Mrs. Stowe's health, and in consequence of the great pressure of engagements upon himself, engagements of a public nature—engagements to the cause which could not be pretermitted for any private feelings—they were not able to respond to their kindness as they could wish. Had they consulted their own feelings, they would have settled down quietly among them to receive their congratulations, and been happy to spend the entire summer in that way; but this could not be. The state of Mrs. Stowe's health was such she could not bear so much kindness; and his engagements were such that he must be in different and distant places, and by the 1st of June again hard at work in the United States. They must therefore be excused for not being in a condition to meet all their kindness as they would desire. When he was about to start from Andover, some of their Scotch friends, who knew the hearts of Scotchmen, said to Mrs. Stowe—'Do you think you can go to Scotland in the enfeebled state of your health—they will kill you with kindness.' He almost feared it would be so; but while kind, they were at the same time considerate, and he thanked them for it. It was from this city that the idea of such an invitation originated; and well might it originate in this city, for when had the city of Glasgow not been in earnest on the subject of freedom? When had been the time that the city of Glasgow would betray freedom to its foes? You had had a hard struggle yourselves on this subject, but you had persevered till the object had been accomplished; and they could feel for those who are struggling in the same cause, under circumstances of far greater difficulty than could ever have been experienced in the island of Great Britain. He therefore delighted to think that the invitation came from Glasgow—that it came from Scotland—for Scotland had ever been distinguished for its love of freedom and its defence of the rights of the free. Though almost all the religious denominations of the United States had been to a great extent silenced in their expression of disapprobation of this horrible system of oppression, there were two denominations which had never been silenced—two which always stood firm in their protest—the old Scotch Seceders and the old Scotch Covenanters. He was sorry, however, to say that some of the Seceders had gone with the current. The Congregationalists were free from the taint; though not so open and bold in their protests as others, they were a good deal more polite and easy in their language. But there was one denomination entirely free, and all honour to it that it was free. He meant the disciples of old William Penn. There was not a Quaker in the United States that owned a slave. And there was not a Quaker in New England that could hold a slave without being ejected from the Society (cheers). Though many were involved in slaveholding at first, they felt it was wrong, and they appointed committees to visit every individual and labour with them till their slaves were released, and they succeeded. In little more than ten years every Friend in the United States was free from the curse (cheers). If other denominations had pursued the same course, there would not have been a slave in the United States at the present day. At the close of the revolutionary war, it was the hope of all in that country that Slavery would soon come to an end. There were slaves in Massachusetts, his native State, and there never was a law of emancipation passed, but Slavery died, and how? A negro sued his master for wages during the whole period of his servitude. The jury urged the prosecutor to come to some arrangement with his master. The negro came into court and told the jury they had agreed. 'What was the agreement?' 'Massa,' said the negro, 'agreed to give me $100, and I agree I would not take it.' The jury found the negro entitled to the same wages as a white man, and that decision abolished Slavery. But the slaves in Massachusetts were comparatively few; so in all the New England States, and Slavery was gradually abolished. But from the time of the famous Missouri compromise, the cause of emancipation had gone backward so far as Government was concerned, and by and bye the horrible Fugitive Slave Law showed the culmination of wickedness. But the Almighty said, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no further; and he believed the Fugitive Slave Law was the last desperate effort of the horrible system. It was its last dying struggle.

The Professor then adverted to some of the difficulties connected with the slave question in the States where it existed, and observed that the only alternative to a bloody revolution was, that the slaveholders might be persuaded to adopt such a system of legislation as would put an end to slavery. Every Christian man must admit that by all means the slaveholders should be persuaded to do their duty. The great body of them felt they were wrong, and the only way to awaken them to a sense of their duty was by the exhibition of truth and love. Nothing had gratified him more than the kind and tender feelings he had seen here upon the subject towards the United States. He had not met one man, woman, or child, that seemed to have any hostility to the United States. He would say, then, let their kindness abound more and more; let their truth abound more and more; not discouraged by opposition, for in due time the good seed would spring up—God would be glorified, and man would be released (cheers). The Professor went on to observe that this great and prosperous community were almost as deep in the mud as Americans were in the mire. A great portion of its resources resulted from the products of slave labour. Great Britian was the great market for American cotten, and American cotton was the only thing that sustained American Slavery. He did not say they could do without it, but it was time all Christian men and women turned their attention to this point. Could they not live without supporting slavery? His solemn conviction was that 9-10ths of the people of the States felt in their hearts on the subject of slavery as they did in this country. There were 23,000,000 of people, and only 300,000 slaveholders; yet they exercised a tyranny over the public mind which was hardly equalled under the most despotic Governments. The secret of their power was, that however much they might differ on other points—they might even be at dagger's drawn—but the moment slavery was introduced they were all as one man. He wished them to take a lesson from that. Their union would be strength, and with their numbers and the righteousness of their cause, they woud have infinitely the advantage. Notwithstanding what President Pierce had stated, in his inaugural address, the wicked fugitive slave law was in reality a dead letter, for of the thousands of fugitives not above 25 had ever been carried back from the free States under the influence of that law; and many fugitives arrested under it had been rescued from the officers, and sent to freedom in the realms of Queen Victoria (cheers). Though the rescuers were brought before the court, and all the influence of Government used to procure a conviction, there had not yet been an American jury who found a man guilty for violating that law. After all, there is soundness in the American mind, and in due time, with the blessing of God and the help of Christian men, the soundness of heart would be found on the surface as well as inside (cheers).

Mrs. Stowe was here compelled, on account of the delicate state of her health, to retire. Speeches followed from Rev. Dr. King, Rev. Mr. Arnot, Rev. C. Beecher, Rev. Mr. Edmond, Rev. Dr. Runciman, and Rev. John Guthrie. There are passages in each of these addresses that we should like to copy, but we can only find room for the following from the speech of Mr. Arnot:

The slaveholders, it appears, complained of the Cabin, and now they have got the Key. They could not endure that their cherished institution should be touched by the soft folds of fiction, and now they have got it rasped and riven by the hard edge of facts. They cried out when they were scourged with whips, and now they must feel the scorpions. The providential and real place of the embellishments of genius in this case is most interesting. Only the hard fact can wound for conviction, but the soft adornment is of use to make it go. Suppose some zealous prosaic friend of the slave had gone in on Mrs. Stowe while she was busy on Uncle Tom, and asked her what she was about; on learning that she was composing a novel, he would have sneered—Writing a novel! why I am dealing only with terrible facts. Yes he was, but he never succeeded in getting one of his facts driven home in the proper quarter. On the eve of the battle, and in sight of the foe, one of the combatants is seen kneeling on the ground, busily working with feathers and strings. Feathers, says a brother warrior, with a bunch of naked sticks, pointed with steel—feathers will not kill the foe! I shall give him cold steel; and he proceeds to shoot, and shoot in the direction of the enemy; his arrows all fall short, and stick useless in the ground; his neighbor, after fitting the feathers on, shoots, and the arrows reach the mark and do execution. 'Uncle Tom' has feathered the arrow—the hard steel of the 'Key' will be sent home. The accursed system will get its death wound. The slaves will be sent from their masters, and the masters will be saved from themselves.

Dr. Wardlaw said he had a letter from the publishers of the Key to 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' in London, on Wednesday morning, enclosing a copy, and stating, with a request that he should communicate it to Mrs. Stowe, that although scarcely issued from the press, they had already sold 20,000 copies, and that too without supplying one to the trade.

It was near midnight when the entertainment concluded.

It was understood that Mrs. Stowe, after leaving Glasgow, would proceed to Edinburgh, remaining in Scotland till about the end of the month. In the beginning of May she was expected in London, as her husband was to be present at a meeting of the Evangelical Union of England, and was, besides, to take part in the proceedings of several of the May meetings at Exeter Hall. It is expected that Mrs. Stowe will not quit England to return to America before August, having engaged to visit Cork and other towns in Ireland. Mr. and Mrs. Stowe will be the guests of Rev. Thomas Binney on their arrival in London.

THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

We alluded, sometime since, to the unjust and ungenerous attack—to use no harsher terms—which has been made by a portion of the American press on the Duchess of Sutherland, in imputing to her the ejection of the tenantry from the family estates in the Highlands, an act committed, perhaps, before she was born, by *her husband's mother*, the late Countess of Sutherland. The object of this falsehood was, of course, to lessen any influence that might grow out of the Address of British Women on Slavery, in making which the Duchess of Sutherland took so active a part; and though, it may be, many papers were led ignorantly to repeat the slander, it is certainly true that some of those which were most active in spreading it have never retracted it, though the real facts in the case have been often repeated. There are, no doubt, many people who believe the original slander; but where the truth is known, and we trust that, eventually, it will be very generally, the result will be a feeling of indignation at this characteristic instance of the spirit of the defenders of Slavery, and a desire to know the real character of the woman who has been thus assailed. The invention will only return to plague the inventors.

We are indebted to the Rev. Dr. Lowell, of Boston, for the following note upon this subject. We are greatly obliged to him for this testimony, which, we are sure, will be read with interest:

"I send you an extract from a letter in relation to the Duchess of Sutherland, which, in justice to that lady, ought to be published. It was received by me, a short time since, from an English lady who has resided for some time in this country, and who was a resident in the family of the Duchess of Sutherland. I do not give her name; but if I were to do so, it would be a sufficient guaranty to all who know her of the accuracy of her statements."

[Extract from the letter above referred to.]

"I have never known a woman who seemed to me possessor of more *spontaneous benevolence* or more *active beneficence* than the Duchess of Sutherland, and her kindness to, and consideration for, her personal attendants had won from them the strongest attachment. My life, for many years past, has (as you know) been spent in a circle where the domestic and social virtues shine with a lustre that is nowhere *surpassed*, but, in my judgment of the domestic and social character of the Duchess of Sutherland, she might be placed in that circle, and rank *second* to none.

"I saw little of the Duke, but that little gave me an impression that he was an amiable man, and, from what I heard at various times, I supposed him much interested and very active in improving the condition of his tenantry. The Duchess was, at that time, much interested in schools and in introducing in her own such modes of teaching as were practised in the Infant and Foreign schools."

We have several times been indebted to our veneravle correspondent for facts and statements of great interest relating to the Anti-Slavery Cause, and we hardly need add how readily we acknowledge the obligation, though it may seem a small one to him. In allusion, we presume, to these favours, as they really are to us, he says, in a note before us, preparatory to giving another little item of historical interest:

"I am not ambitious, Mr. Editor, of becoming the correspondent of a public print, however respectable, but I shrink from no publicity that is not dishonourable, on a subject like this. I consider Slavery, and its concomitant, the internal Slave Trade, as *the* foul blot on the escutcheon of our country, and I earnestly hope and pray that the time may be hastening on when, for the sake of the master and the slave, in a proper manner, it will be wiped away.

"In a conversation I had with Mr. Madison, in his own house, forty years ago, he expressed himself to me (he himself introducing the subject) in terms of strong disapprobation of the institution of Slavery, and spoke of its impolicy as it regarded the master, as well as its injustice to the slave. He gave me the impression, distinctly, that he was very far from considering it a 'beneficent institution' for either party."

ERROR CORRECTED.

We stated, last week, on the authority of the daily papers, that the newly appointed Chief Clerk of the Census office at Washington was Mr. C. W. Dennison, and commented accordingly on this new appearance in a new place of this well-known tergiversator. The appointee to that office, however, it seems, is not C. W. Dennison, but another person of a similar name. A correspondent thus calls our attention to the mistake, and we certainly, in common with many other newspapers, owe Mr. W. W. Dennison an apology for thus confounding him with his more notorious namesake.

HUDSON, N. Y. April 29, 1853.

Editor of the Standard:

I NOTICE in your issue of the 28th instant, the following paragraph:

"Mr. C. W. Denison who has always been as treacherous as a cat to every party he has ever been connected with; seems, also like a cat, to fall always upon his feet. An office-holder under the last administration, he is to continue so under that now in power, having been appointed Chief Clerk in Census Office. During the campaign, he edited a Webster paper in Boston, and was the head of the Webster party in Massachusetts. That probably made his election sure with the Pierce administration."

The above is all incorrect, so far as the Chief Clerk of the Census Office is concerned. Mr. *W. W. Dennison*, the Chief Clerk in that office, never was a Webster man, and was *not* the Editor of a Campaign paper during the late Canvass. On the contrary, he is a Democrat and *true* to his party.

As a personal friend of *W. W.* Dennison, I request you to correct the above.

Respectfully, CYRUS MACY.

VISIT TO EUROPE.—Our friend J. M. McKim, of Philadelphia, sailed, from this port, for England in the Steamer Arctic, on Saturday last, with the purpose of passing several months in Europe. We rejoice, as, we are sure, all Mr. McKim's friends do, that he has concluded to take this season of recreation and rest from the arduous duties of his office, the agency of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, to which, for so many years, he has devoted himself with unflagging zeal and industry, almost without a weeks intermission. Though his visit abroad is not an official one, he will, of course, meet with many, perhaps with most, of the friends of the Anti-Slavery cause in Great Britain and Ireland; and it is not improper to say, by way of ecumenical introduction, that he is a representative of the American Abolitionists of whom they may be justly proud. We most cordially commend him to the kind offices of friends abroad, not only as an intelligent and cultivated American gentlemen, but as one thoroughly acquainted with the history and present aspect of the cause among us, and to whose representations, upon any question relating to it, the most implicit confidence may be given.

[For the Standard.]

THE EXTRADITION OF FUGITIVE SLAVES.

[Continued from last number.]

HAVING vindicated for ourselves the right to form and hold opinions on the subject of our constitutional obligations, independent of the control of Courts, we are ready for the inquiry: What is the proper source of learning the meaning of the Constitution. This, there can be no doubt, is in the language of the instrument itself. Our allegiance is to the Constitution of to-day, and not to the designs of a Convention, or of a generation that lived sixty years ago. Not until the words lead us into hopeless inextricable ambiguity have we any right to wander into the contemporaneous intentions of the framers; and even then it is difficult to see why the *unexpressed* purposes of the men who drafted the Constitution may any more legitimately define our obligation than our own *unexpressed* purposes in swearing to support it.

That the Constitution sanctions slaveholding is not to be assumed, or to be assented to from the dicta of courts or the loose talk of politicians. It is a proposition too grave and too anomalous to be based upon any other than the most irrefragible arguments. Men's iniquities are rarely in their laws. They are generally either illegal or extra legal. Indeed, it taxes the capability of language to make it in statutes the vehicle of wrong. Laws are rules of right; their reason is their justice; their sanction the impulsive acquiescence of the conscience. Hence, even laws not based upon wise expediency—still more, laws not based upon natural justice—break down, at all points, through sheer impotency. Under the Constitution of Britain and of France, Slavery is impossible. The American Constitution is a far fuller, far better exposition of the powers of government and rights of the governed, a riper product of true political science, than these or any other actual framework of government. But if so foul a crime as Slavery not only lurks in the latter, but is perpetuated and enacted by it, it must be in terms that leave no grounds for disavowal or controversy.

The framers of the Constitution proposed, among its objects, the establishment of justice, the security of liberty. If they proceeded immediately to establish and legalize as a permanent institution the greatest outrage upon justice and liberty that ever afflicted humanity, they could not have done so in any equivocal or uncertain language. It must have been '*so nominated in the bond.*' Even if history compelled us to believe that they *designed* to shelter Slavery under the folds of the Constitution, we might be allowed to ignore such base purpose, to

'Walk backward, with averted face,
And hide their shame,'

since a decent regard to the opinions of mankind compelled them to *conceal* such *design*.

The article of the Constitution relied upon by the slaveholding interests as their national guarantee is that requiring the delivery of persons held to service or labour. If this requires us to assist or acquiesce in the re-enslavement of escaped slaves, here is, to my apprehension, an end of all *honest* citizenship. It is a small matter that every actual law or process to give this article effect has been and must be grossly unconstitutional; my integrity is compromised even while assenting to the *abstract* and *impracticable* obligation. I have taken only a slight interest in the able arguments that have proved this obligation to be binding upon the States. As good citizens of the State, and supporters of the Constitution, are we not bound to see that the State executes its stipulation? The objection is not to the agency by which, or the mode how, a thing is to be done, but to the thing itself. Conceding that the Constitution requires the extradition of fugitive slaves, there is no logical ground for us to stand on, while we retain our citizenship, this side of downright, dirt-eating *hunkerism*.

If it is certain that the intention of the framers of the Constitution was, that fugitive slaves should be recovered and re-enslaved under this article, it is equally certain that it was intended so to frame its phraseology as not to give Slavery a legal recognition. The South asked for a stipulation in terms for the surrender of their escaped slaves. The North, or rather the controlling minds of the Convention, those who felt the responsibility, dignity and solemnity of their works, refused to give any such stipulation, or any other that would sanction Slavery, but would adopt an article regulating the recovery of persons held to service or labour; they would not legislate for the individuals claimed, and wrongfully claimed, to belong to a certain class, but they would legislate for the class itself. The phraseology of the article is innocent in itself; it would be innocent in a treaty betwixt France and Britain; it was innocent in articles of confederation betwixt certain of the New England colonies. In the Constitution, only the fact of Slavery throws suspicion upon it; only its bad interpretation has perverted and tainted it.

Persons held to service or labour is a proper description of a large category, of a legitimate relation of men to other men in society. The relation of servant is as old as the relation of wife and of parent or child. It will be probably a permanent class in human society. Indented apprentices and indented servants formed a not inconsiderable proportion of the early American colonists, and the very language used in this article of the Constitution is borrowed from an inter-colonial regulation with regard to this class.

Further than this, the responsible leaders in the Convention refused to go. The slaveholders accepted the security of this article, claiming to hold their slaves as servants, and intending, doubtless, to recover them under this stipulation. The Anti-Slavery delegates in the Convention, Virginians mainly, were glad to escape a difficulty with which they did not feel prepared to contend, to perfect the scheme of national government, which, while it did not directly abolish Slavery, left its anticipated abolition possible, and no guarantees in the national compact to protect it for a single hour. While they may have been fully aware that slaves would be recovered under this article, they gave no other security for their recovery than the article itself. While public sentiment, acting upon the Courts, continued to hold Southern slaves to be in the category of labourers in the service of their hirers, they might be peaceably delivered to their claimants, but it could not have been foreseen that so flimsy a protection of such a preposterous claim would have served the purposes of the slaveholders for two generations.

I do not propose to recapitulate the points raised in discussing this subject, that slaves are *not persons*, in the view of slaveholding codes, but articles of property; that they are not *held* or *bound*, as they only could have been by themselves, or somebody who might rightfully bind them, but palpably and confessedly stolen from Africa or elsewhere, by brute force; that they are under no contract to labour, but are simply owned and kept both for the purpose of doing labour and for other purposes, for the market, for animals of pleasure, and for breed; and that labour and any other use to which they may be put is exacted by the torture of the lash, and not by the obligations of a contract, real or imaginary.

These may be called quibbles, but quibbles rise to the dignity of legitimate and honourable defence, when a man is on trial for his life against a tyrannous government seeking to convict him of treason; still more when a whole race of men and their uncounted posterity are defending the lowest prerogatives of humanity against a cruel and barbarous people. T.

[To be continued.]

LETTER FROM "LEANDER."

DEAR FRIEND GAY: On my return from a long journey in the country, I found the *Standard*, of March 17th, containing a denial of Mr. John Scoble to certain charges which I made against that gentleman, in the *Standard* of June 17th, 1852. I have no wish to repeat those statements or to urge the alleged connection of Mr. Scoble with the Dawn School, since he denies such connection. However, I may here state the grounds upon which I first predicated the remarks about him. During the summer of 1851, Josiah Henson was here, collecting money for the Dawn School, but found, owing to some controversy with another agent of the same Institution, that he met with little success. Henson returned to Canada, accompanied by Mr. Scoble. On reaching Canada, the Dawn School was tranferred to a Committee in London, and Messrs. Scoble and Henson returned, and the latter commenced in good earnest to raise the funds. Thomas Sturge, Esq., gave £1,000 (about five thousand dollars) toward the sum proposed to be raised. When the money was in hand, Mr. Scoble was intrusted with it, and proceeded to Canada.

These are facts which, if Mr. Scoble denies, I hope he will do it over his own signature and have it inserted in a London paper.

As regards his salary, I obtained my information from one whom I believed to understand the matter, and Mr. Scoble's denial of any connection with the Dawn School has created much surprise amongst those who think they understand the case. In *Frederick Douglass' Paper*, of December 3, 1852, is the following. I have never seen it contradicted by Mr. Scoble:

"DAWN INSTITUTE, CANADA WEST.—Some years since, the foundation was laid for a Manual Labour School for people of colour, under the above title, located at Dawn Mill. After being nearly crushed by bad management and contention among its professed patrons, it has passed into the hands of British philanthropists, and is now, as we trust, about to enter upon a sphere of effective prosperity. Rev. John Scoble, long known as Secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, and Editor of the London *Anti-Slavery Reporter*, has removed to Dawn, with his family, to take charge of the Institute. We shall now expect to see the school become a real blessing to the fugitives of Canada, although we think they need common schools located in all the settlements much more at present.—*Oberlin Evangelist.*"

If Mr. Scoble is not connected with the Dawn School, and never has been, I am not the only one who has fallen into an error. Yours truly, LEANDER.

London, April 20, 1853.

Call for a General Religious Conference,

WITH A VIEW TO THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A YEARLY MEETING IN PENNSYLVANIA.

THE various religious denominations of the land are arrayed against the progressive spirit of the age, and by their very structure, assumptions and regulations, cannot occupy a co-operative position, because they impose fetters upon freedom of speech and of conscience, by requiring a slavish conformity in matters of abstract faith and sectarian discipline. This has led and is leading to extensive secessions from such organizations in all parts of the country, leaving the seceders generally in a scattered and isolated condition, whose talents, influence and means might be profitably concentrated for the advancement of the world-embracing cause of Human Brotherhood, and who are yearning for some form of association at once simple, free and attractive.

The abuse of a good thing is not a reason for its utter rejection; and organization, in itself considered, is not only proper, but may be rendered powerfully efficacious as an instrument in the hand of Reform, without impairing the liberty, detracting from the independence, or limiting the conscience of any individual; though, from the nature of things, its perpetuation is not to be expected or desired, but it is at all times to be regarded as a means to an end, and to be discarded whenever it becomes an impediment to the progress of truth.

The Society of Friends has been a theatre of agitation for years, growing out of ecclesiastical domination on the one hand, and the demand for practical righteousness on the other; a domination entirely at variance with the spirit of primitive Quakerism, seeking to suppress free thought, and to exclude from membership those whose lives are without blemish, whose example in word and deed is a burning and shining light, and who are seeking to know and do the will of God, at whatever sacrifice; a domination which has been deemed so intolerable, that in the States of New York, Ohio and Michigan, Yearly Meetings have been formed, two of which have taken the name of CONGREGATIONAL FRIENDS, and two others that of PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS, and which invite to membership 'all those who look to God as a Universal Father, and who regard as one Brotherhood the whole family of man.'

In view of facts like these, and believing there is an extensive preparation of mind for such a movement, we cordially invite not only the members of the Society of Friends, but all those who feel the want of social and religious co-operation, and believe that a Society may be formed, recognising the *Progressive Element* which will divorce Religion from *technical theology*, to meet with us in GENERAL CONFERENCE, at Friends' meeting house at Old Kennett, in Chester County, Pennsylvania, on First day, the 22d of Fifth month, 1853, at half-past 11 o'clock, A. M., to deliberate upon such plan of organization as may commend itself to the judgment of those assembled, and to take action upon such other subjects pertaining to Human Duty and Welfare, as may appear to demand the attention of the assembly.

Amos Preston,	James Fulton,
Jonathan Lamborn,	Ann Fulton,
Moses Pennock,	Enoch S. Hannum,
Mary J. Pennock,	Enoch L. Taylor,
Benjamin Pyle,	Alice Eliza Hambleton,
Esther Hayes,	James Truman,
Castner Hanway,	Mary A. Truman,
Sumner Stebbins,	Simon Barnard,
Hannah Cox,	Sarah D. Barnard,
Jesse Pennock,	James Painter,
Hannah M. Darlington,	Esther Moore,
Oliver Johnson,	Ebenezer *James*,
James Meredith,	Rebecca L. Fessell,
Sarah B. Dugdale,	Ephraim Wilson,
William Barnard,	George Chapman,
Joseph A. Dugdale,	Richard Janney,
Eusebius Barnard,	Cyrus M. Burleigh,
Isaac Meredith,	Robert Purvis,
Thamazin Meredith,	Harriet Purvis,
Isaac Mendenhall,	Elijah F. Pennypacker,
Dinah Mendenhall,	Jacob L. Paxson,
Vincent Barnard,	Barclay Ivins,
Benjamin Kent,	Fannie Schofield,
Thomas Borton,	Mahlon B. Linton,
Beulah Borton,	Thomas Garrett,
Bartholomew Fussell,	Edward Webb,
Rebecca Fussell,	Rowland

Miscellaneous Department.

THE BORGIAS.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

At the period when Columbus was setting sail from Europe to discover a new world for the crown of Spain (1492), and the rudeness of the middle ages in England was softening down before the wise arrangements of Henry VII., some of the most extraordinary transactions of which history gives any account were commencing in Italy. The first occurrence, and that on which all others were founded, was the elevation of Roderic Lenzuola Borgia, archbishop of Valentia, and a cardinal, to the papal throne, under the title of Alexander VI.—a dignity to which he was preferred, as it appears, by dint of sheer dissimulation and simony. Alexander sought not this honourable and onerous post for his own advantage. He had a family for which he was desirous of providing; for the ensuing twelve or thirteen years, therefore, the manœuvres of his family, father and children—the *Borgia family*, as they are called in history—occupied the attention of all Europe, and were a general scandal to Christendom.

The younger Borgias consisted of three sons, Francesco, Cesar, and Guiffry, and a daughter named Lucretia, all of whom were still in youth when their father became pope. Of Francesco and Guiffry history does not say much; Cesar was the great man of the family, and of him we shall have occasion chiefly to speak. Cesar received the news of his father's election at the University of Pisa. He had sometimes indulged in reveries of such prosperous ambition; nevertheless, their fulfilment was unexpected, and his joy almost extravagant. He was then a youth of about two or three and twenty, adroit in all manly, and particularly martial exercises; riding unsaddled horses of the highest spirit; and able to sever a bull's head from his body with a single stroke of his sword. His disposition was haughty, jealous, and dissembling. As to his personal appearance, even contemporaneous authors have transmitted to us the most contradictory descriptions. This arises from the circumstance, that at certain periods of the year, particularly in spring, his face was covered with blotches, which made him for the time an object of horror and disgust; while during the rest of the year he appeared the thoughtful cavalier, with black flowing hair, pale complexion, and auburn beard, such as he is represented in the beautiful portrait painted of him by Raphael. Historians, chronicles, and painters, all are agreed upon the intense expression of his eyes, describing them as emitting an incessant lustre, and investing him with the character of something infernal or unearthly. Such was this man of ambition, who had taken for his motto, *Aut Cesar, aut nihil*—'Cesar, or nothing.'

At the expiration of a year, when Alexander had attained the proper degree of power, he began to develop the outlines of his colossal design to establish a wide political influence. There were two modes of effecting this—by alliances and conquests. Lucretia, though beautiful, one of the vilest of women, seconded her father's views. A marriage which she had formed while in comparative obscurity with a noble Arragonese of no political influence, was now dissolved, and in a short time she was allied to the sovereign of Pesaro, from whom an accession of strength to the family was anticipated. We may as well here state, that the hopes formed on this point were not realized; that a fresh divorce in a year or two afterwards again set Lucretia free, and that she was then united to Don Alphonso d'Arragon, Duke de Bicelli and Prince de Salerno. Alexander's eldest son, Francesco, was created by the King of Spain Duke of Candia; Cesar, who had been reared for the church, was first raised to the dignity of archbishop of Valentia, and afterwards to that of cardinal; Guiffry was married to Donna Sancia, and by her obtained the principality of Squillace; steps in the ladder of Alexander's ambition, which, with his intrigues carried on during two abortive attempts of Charles VIII., King of France, to possess Naples, greatly increased his power. In 1497, his various aggrandizements had placed all Italy, from Venice to the confines of Calabria, within his grasp. There is, however *no* peace for the wicked. Cesar envied the exaltation of his brother Francesco, and longed to possess himself of his territorial and other dignities. What occurred may be related in the words of Alexandre Dumas, of whose narrative, the present paper is partly an abridgement.* Cesar, who resided in a palace at Rome, had in his pay a party of sbirri, a species of half soldier, half attendant, ready for any [illegible]. At the head of these men was Michelotto, a faithful tool of his unprincipled master. One day Michelotto was sent for, and attended at the appointed hour.

Cesar awaited his arrival, carelessly leaning against a large projecting chimney-piece, clothed no longer in the cardinal's robe and hat, but in a doublet of black velvet, the slashes of which displayed a satin vest of the same colour. One of his hands played mechanically with his gloves, whilst the other rested upon a poisoned dagger, never absent from his side. Michelotto at one glance saw the coming shadow of a deed of evil. Cesar motioned him to close the door; he was obeyed; then after a short interval, during which the eyes of Borgia seemed as if they would scan every thought and feeling of the reckless bravo who stood before him, 'Michelotto,' he said, with a voice of which a slight accent of raillery betrayed the only sign of emotion, 'what think you; does this costume become me?' Habituated as the bravo was to the circumlocutions with which his master most frequently prefaced his designs, this question was so unexpected, that for a moment he was silent, then answered, 'Admirably, and thanks to it; your excellency has now the appearance as well as the heart of a brave soldier.' 'I am well pleased that this is your opinion,' replied Cesar; 'and now can you tell why, instead of this dress, which I can only wear at night, I am forced to disguise myself by day beneath the robe and hat of a cardinal, and to spend my life in riding from church to church, consistory to consistory, instead of leading to the field of battle some noble army, in which you should hold the rank of captain, in lieu of being, as you are the poor chief of a band of miserable sbirri?' 'Yes, my lord,' replied Michelotto, who had guessed from his first words the intentions of Cesar; 'yes; he who is the cause of this is Francesco, Duke of Gandia and of Benevento, your eldest brother.' 'Know you,' resumed Cesar, giving to this answer no further sign of approbation than a slight movement of his head, whilst a ghastly smile lingered upon his features; 'know you who has the wealth and not the genius, who has the casque and not the hand?' 'Again the Duke of Gandia,' said Michelotto. 'Know you, moreover, the man who is ever in the way of my ambition, my power, and my love?' 'Still the Duke of Gandia.' 'And what think you of it?' demanded Cesar. 'I think that he must die,' coolly replied the brave. 'And your opinion is mine, Michelotto,' said Cesar, advancing towards him, and grasping his hand; 'and my sole regret is not to have thought so before, for had I last year borne but a sword instead of a crozier, I should now be the possessor of some rich domain. The pope wishes to advance the greatness of his house; it is well; but he mistakes the means. It is I he should create a duke; it is my brother he should nominate the cardinal. Had he done this, one thing is most certain; I should have united to the authority of his power the intrepidity of a heart resolute to make that authority and power more effective. He whose ambition would ruin a state or a kingdom, must trample under foot the obstacles in his path; he must strike with the sword or the poinard, nor fear to steep his hands in his own blood. He should follow the example left by all the founders of empires, from Romulus to Bajazet, who became kings by fratricide. And well have you said, Michelotto, what their position was is mine, and I am resolved never to recoil before it. You now know for what purpose you have been summoned. Was I right? can I depend upon you?' Michelotto, who saw his own advantage in the crime, indifferent to the rest; he answered therefore, he was entirely at Cesar's disposal; he had only to intimate the time, place, and mode of execution. Cesar replied, as to the time, it must be soon, as he himself was about to depart for Naples; as to the place and mode of execution, these would necessarily depend upon their opportunities, but that in the meantime both must watch, and seize the first favourable occasion. Here we must drop the curtain. The unfortunate Duke of Gandia was waylaid in going home from a family party, stabbed by the villains employed by his brother, and his body thrown into the Tiber.

'This blow,' proceeds Dumas, 'deeply affected Alexander. Ignorant at first whom to suspect, he had given the most rigorous orders to discover the assassins. But slowly the hideous truth revealed itself before him. He saw that the blow which had thus stricken his house proceeded *from* his house. His despair became frenzy. He ran like one frantic through the Vatican, and entering the consistory, his clothes torn, his hair dishevelled and covered with ashes, he confessed with broken sobs all the crimes and disorders of his past life, acknowledging the blow inflicted on his own blood by his own blood to be the just retribution of God; then retiring into one of the darkest and most secret recesses of his palace, he shut himself up, determined, as he said, to starve himself to death. And, in fact, for more than sixty hours he denied himself all food and rest, replying to those who sought to divert him from his purpose, with tears and groans, or the howlings of a wild beast.' From this hapless condition he was in a few days restored, and reappeared in public, calm if not resigned. Cesar having retired to Naples till the violence of his father's grief was subdued, now appeared again before him; and as he was a necessary instrument, no mention was made of his brother's untimely death; instead of being punished, he was promoted in favour. Absolved from his clerical functions, he had laid aside the appearance and character of priest, adopted a French dress, and was followed by almost a royal retinue. The scenes now enacted in Rome were paralleled only in the days of Nero and Heliogabalus. Vice reigned triumphant; murders were of daily occurrence in the streets; no one was safe from robbery; neither house nor palace was a defence; justice and law were fled. And now, by the just retribution of Heaven, Alexander and Cesar began to covet the fortunes of those men who had raised them to their present state. The first essay made in this new mode of coining money was the archbishop of Cosenza. Alexander having received 60,000 ducats for signing a document, relieving the last heiress to the throne of Portugal from her obligations as a nun, the Spanish sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella, protested against the decree as prejudicial to their interests; and Alexander, to shift the odium from himself, accused Cosenza, his secretary, of having forged his signature. Cosenza was forthwith put into confinement, and was waited upon by Cesar, whose object was to bring him to reason, that is, to the avowal of a falsehood. Cesar explained to the unfortunate captive what was required; only that he should say *he* forged the signature—a sham punishment and a rich reward was to be the consequence. 'The archbishop was well aware of the characters of the men with whom he had to deal; he knew they shrunk from no measures to gain their ends. He knew they possessed a powder which had the taste and smell of sugar, of which it was impossible to ascertain the admixture in ailments, which caused death, slow or quick, according as they desired, and without the slightest trace of its presence. He know the secret of the poisoned key, which the pope kept by him; and that when his holiness wished to rid himself of some of his familiars, he desired him to open a certain wardrobe, but as the lock of this was difficult to turn, force was requisite before the bolt yielded, by which a small point in the handle of the key left a slight scratch upon the hand, which was mortal. He knew, also, that Cesar wore a ring, composed of two lion's heads, the stone of which he turned inwards when he wished to press the hand of a friend. It was then the lion's teeth became those of a viper; and the friend died cursing the villany of Borgia. Partly influenced by his fears, partly by the hope of recompense, the archbishop yielded, and Cesar returned to the Vatican, possessed of the precious paper by which the archbishop of Cosenza acknowledged he alone was guilty of the dispensation granted to the royal nun. Two days after, by aid of the proofs which the archbishop had himself supplied, the pope, in the presence of the governor of Rome, the auditor of the apostolic chamber, and other judicial officers, pronounced his sentence, which condemned him to the loss of all his possessions, the degradation from all ecclesiastical orders, and the delivery over of his body to the civil power. Soon after, the civil magistrate arrived at the prison to fulfil his mission, accompanied by a registrar, two attendants, and four guards. The sentence was read: then attendants stripped the prisoner of his episcopal robes, and clothed him in a robe of coarse cloth, drawers of the same material, and heavy shoes. The guards then put him into one of the deepest dungeons of the castle of St. Angelo, where he found for furniture a crucifix of wood, a table, a chair, and a bed; for recreation, a lamp, bible, and breviary; and for nourishment two pounds of bread, and a small cask of water, which were to be renewed, as well as the oil for the lamp, every three days. At the expiration of a year, the archbishop died of despair, after having gnawed his arms in his agony. The same day that he was consigned to his living tomb, Cesar, who had so well managed this transaction, received from his father the whole of the estates of the archbishop.'

The next affair in which the Borgias were concerned was one less tragical. Louis XII., who had just ascended the throne of France, was desirous of divorcing his wife Joan, daughter of Louis XI., and Alexander promised to effect this desirable object, providing the king would use his influence with his sister, Donna Carlotta, to effect her marriage with his son Cesar, now a layman, prepared for matrimony. The arrangement was immediately entered into, and, as a preliminary, Louis created Cesar Duke of Valentinois, and gave him a pension of 200,000 francs. The splendour of Cesar's embassy to win the affections of Carlotta exceeded all we can have any idea of in this sober age. His retinue was composed of a large number of horses and mules, richly caparisoned in silks, and cloth of gold and silver; knights in the most elegant costumes; and Cesar himself, mounted on a noble coarser, was embroidered with pearls and precious stones. But that which bestowed on the cavalcade the appearance of exhaustless luxury was, that the mules and horses were shod with shoes of gold. Nevertheless, all this parade was thrown away. Carlotta spurned the offers of the wooer with contempt. To his solicitations she spiritedly replied, 'that she would never marry a man who was not only a priest, but the son of a priest; not only an assassin, but the assassin of his brother; not only a man infamous by his birth, but still more infamous by his principles and actions.' Cesar, thus discarded, was fortunate in finding another princess who accepted him; this was Mademoselle d'Albert, daughter of the King of Navarre; and the marriage was celebrated with more than ordinary pomp.

The historian now turns to the war carried on in Romagna, in which the career of Cesar Borgia was one of conquest and atrocity. The different strongholds fell one after the other, before him, and he returned to Rome in the style of an ancient emperor, surrounded with trophies of victory. But although Romagna was conquered, it was only in appearance. A large force was required to preserve peace; and both to insure tranquility and his own popularity, Cesar fell upon what Machiavelli has described as a master-stroke of talent. This consisted in appointing severe military governors, with orders to put all complainers to death; and when as many turbulent spirits were thus cleared off as seemed desirable, Cesar made his appearance, and, with much affectation of pity, stopped the carriage by a summary execution of the offending governor. In this way turbulent citizens and commanders were equally disposed of, while the duke's *clemency* was a theme of universal praise.

While the Duke of Valentinois was engaged in completing the conquest of Romagna, and bringing it, by his proceedings, into that desert condition in which it is till this day found, a new scheme of family aggrandizement was planned and carried into execution. This was the plan of relieving Lucretia from her third husband, Don Alphonso d'Arragon, now of little political importance, and marrying her to a rising great man of the day, the duke of Ferrara. To get rid of Alphonso, however, with any degree of decency, was somewhat difficult. The plan finally determined upon was to invite him to a splendid bull-fight, in which, by putting him forward as a swordsman, he might run a good chance of being gored to death. The feat accordingly took place; but Alphonso, who was a man of great prowess and courage, proving himself in every instance the victor, no other means of riddance was left but assassination. One morning the unfortunate prince was found strangled in his bed; and shortly afterwards the beautiful Lucretia became Duchess of Ferrara.

We have no space, if we had inclination, to pursue the family through their fearful career of public rapine and private crime, but must come at once to the circumstances which wound up their fate. We adopt the words of a clever writes who has graphically pictured the financial policy and closing scene of the Borgias. 'The Borgia system of finance was at once simple and expedite; the mind had not to toil in weighing the advantages of direct and indirect taxation; to trouble itself about high and low tariff; without a single maxim of political economy, the papal coffers could be filled to repletion. The great instrument in this financial policy was a certain poison, the secret of which remained in the Borgia family, and which, it is said, existed in two forms, the solid and the liquid. The art of making the first is unluckily lost, but the recipe of the second is on record, probably preserved by some Mrs. Glasse of the art. 'Give a boar a strong dose of arsenic, and at the moment when the poison begins to act, hang up the animal by the hind feet: he will now be convulsed, and an abundance of foam will run from his throat. This foam collected in a silver plate, and decanted in a bottle hermetically sealed, will form the liquid poison.' Thus armed with two kinds of venom, the Borgias had all their own way, as far as the removal of obnoxious personages was concerned; and an unlucky wight had only to render himself an object of suspicion, when a genteel invitation to supper finished his mortal career. But to return to the financial scheme. Pope Alexander, with his poisons, had a constant power of creating vacancies among his cardinals, and it was filling up those that he found such a splendid source of profit. In the first place the priest nominated to the office of cardinal left his former charges vacant, and these reverted to the pope, who sold them. This was item the first. Item the second, being the round sum which the happy priest paid for the cardinalate. Enough was not yet gained. An advantage of the law according to which no cardinal could bequeath his property, and the pope had only to pick out the richest of the college, and treat him with a Borgia supper, when the third sum found its way into the treasury. Thus did the great financier, whose head is offered as a study in every treatise on phrenology, make three distinct gains out of one single operation. Nevertheless, simple as the plan was in a financial point of view, it required care in the execution: and one fatal day, when the pope had fixed upon Cardinal Cassanova, Metchoir Copis, and Adrian de Corneto, as the guests who were to enrich the public purse, and pay the expenses of private orgies, the 'home-brewed' was taken, by mistake, by Alexander himself and his worthy son. The aged sinner, laden with every crime that even a depraved imagination could create, was soon laid in his grave [1503]; but Cesar had a tremendous constitution; and the infernal composition which had destroyed numbers, though it impaired his energies, was not mortal. Never did limpet stick more tightly to a rock than this valuable member of society clung to the world. It is said that a 'bath of blood' was adopted, that Cesar might still exist. A bull, according to this record, was suspended by its legs to four posts; a large gash was cut in its belly, from which its entrails were taken while it was yet living; and into the cavity thus left the patient stepped to bathe!

'But though Cesar lived his fortunes were shattered as well as his constitution. The papal influence had sustained him, and that gone nothing could save him from a precipice. No sooner was the breath out of Alexander's body, than the hatred against the family broke out every where with the greatest violence. Not a Borgia ventured to show his face but one, and that one was recognised by Fabius Orsino, who well remembering the affair of Sinigaglia, stabbed him, and exhibited his savage exultation by washing his hands and mouth in his blood. Cesar was mighty in his downfall; he could give away a popedom; he still bound close to him his old ally Louis, by promising to aid him in conquering Naples; but the King of Spain at once weakened his force, by declaring guilty of high treason every one of his subjects who should aid the duke. Alexander's successor, Pius III., was a mere creature in the hands of Cesar; but the Orsini, who were industrious in the pursuit of vengeance, removed him after a reign of twenty-six days, by telling a physician to put a poisoned plaster on a wound in his leg. Again did Cesar, by his weight in the college of cardinals, give away the popedom; and it was by his will that Julian della Rovera, the ancient enemy of the Borgias, became Pope Julius II. But his career was over. First a prisoner in Italy, he became a prisoner in Spain; being entrapped by the 'great Captain,' Gonzalvo of Cordova, and having escaped from confinement, he was killed in (1507) in a miserable skirmish in Navarre, where he had espoused the arms of the king against a rebellious vassal. Such was the obscure end of the celebrated Cesar Borgia.'

According to Dumas, Lucretia, the duchess of Ferrara, escaped the vengeance due to her vices. She died full of years and honours, adored by her subjects as a queen, and addressed by Ariosto as a goddess.—*Musical World and Times.*

Causes Celebres, by Alexandre Dumas, translated in the Foreign Library, published by Chapman and Hall, London.

HOUSES FOR THE POOR.

It is impossible for a stranger, and almost for a citizen, to take a walk in the upper part of the City without being struck with the number and elegance of the dwellings recently erected. In the cross streets long lines of lofty and highly-finished houses, with fronts of free-stone, meet the eye; while in the avenues many mansions assume a palatial size and magnificence. When we ask the cost of these new houses, and of the lots on which they are built, we are startled at the answers we receive. New ideas of the vast wealth of this great commercial metropolis break in upon the mind and new trains of reflection are excited. Of these last is one which rarely [illegible] to answer: "Where do the poor live, and where are they to live hereafter?" Poor is of course a comparative term. In the remarks we are about to offer we intend to confine it to men and women who have no capital in advance, and who earn their livelihood by manual toil. There is a still poorer class, who, from various causes, are unable to support themselves by labour. These are, or ought to be, provided for at the public expense. To such our suggestions do not apply.

Of course, the poor are not freeholders, and have no houses of their own; nor are they able in the City to hire houses. In the country the class to which we refer usually hire a small tenement for $25 or $40 a year, or where they are engaged in agriculture are provided for by the farmer who employs them. But in the City of New York no poor man *hires a house*. The rent would equal nearly the whole of his annual income. He hires not a house but a *room*, rarely two rooms, and very frequently only *part* of a room.

Of course, good houses in eligible situations and furnished with modern conveniences are not let in single rooms to poor tenants. The houses thus appropriated are chiefly old and dilapidated—houses which for the most part, no décent family having the means of living in a house by themselves would occupy. The rooms in these miserable tenements are let at exorbitant rents, the most comfortless seldom bringing less than five dollars per month. Hence the proprietor finds the old house more profitable than a new one would be, because the capital invested is smaller. But such is the demand for rooms, that some new houses are built as a pecuniary speculation to meet the demand. These are chiefly in cheap and unpleasant locations, and although respectable in their exterior, coarsely finished within. Not a few of these houses are built on the *rear* of lots, a better house and store fronting on the street. Of course these rear houses open upon a little contracted court, into which it is scarcely possible for a current of fresh air to enter. In all these various cases, the object of the landlord is to get as high a rent as possible, while the great demand for rooms, together with the insufficiency of the supply, compels the poor labourer to pay a most excessive price for a place in which he and his wife and children may lay their heads. It may be safely affirmed that throughout the City, business locations excepted, the rent of a house is in inverse proportion to its cost. The rent of a palace in the Fifth avenue is a higher rent in proportion to the space, comfort and convenience he enjoys, than any merchant-prince in the City.

But how, it may be asked, is it possible to furnish the poor with good, comfortable houses? We might as well undertake to feed and clothe, as to lodge them at the expense of the benevolent; and could it all be done, it would be but giving a high bounty on idleness and improvidence. Still, much may be accomplished without levying contributions on the charitable, or impairing the self-independence and industry of the indigent classes. One of our respected fellow citizens, Mr. Haight, has made a judicious beginning in his Model Houses in Thirty-seventh street, but these excellent establishments are limited in extent, and are designed rather for thrifty mechanics, and for small families, than for the poor properly so called. He has done an admirable thing, but we would incite others to take up the work, and to carry it out in a rather lower sphere than he has aimed at.

The efforts now making in England to improve the dwellings of the poor, are in the highest degree both laudable and instructive, and may well rouse the benevolent among us to similar exertion. In that country, a population nearly equal to that of the United States is crowded into an area not as large as the State of Virginia. Of course, there is necessarily a vast amount of destitution, while the philanthropic endeavours to relieve it are unexampled in any Christian country. Parliament has instituted an official inquiry into the state of the dwellings occupied by the poor, while two large societies are engaged in erecting tenements for their use. The first of these is, "The Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes," under the patronage of the Queen and the presidency of Prince Albert.

The Chairman of the Executive Committee of this Society is the excellent Earl of Shaftesbury (lately Lord Ashley), the reputed author of the Stafford-House Anti-Slavery Address. Among the various modes in which the Society aims at improving the condition of the labouring classes, the erection of model lodging houses holds a prominent place. They have no less than six piles of buildings in different parts of London. The 1st lodges 23 families, and 30 aged single females; the 2nd, 104 single men; the 3d, 48 families; the 4th, 20 families and 128 single women; the 5th, 82 single men; and the 6th, 57 single women; total, 91 families, 215 single women, and 186 single men. These lodgings, instead of being furnished gratuitously, are let at moderate rents, and the report of the Society asserts "*that the result of these experiments shows a sufficiently remunerative return.*" In the first building a set of family apartments, consisting of a sitting room and three bedrooms, lets for 6*s.* a week. Single rooms for single women cost 1*s.* 6*d.* per week. The 2nd building is regarded as the most finished model of all—"Here is combined all that is deemed essential and valuable in such an establishment—complete ventilation and drainage, an ample supply of water, separation and retirement in the sleeping apartments, each man having a room to himself, with all the conveniences which, while conducing to the health and physical comfort of the inmates, tend to increase their self-respect, and elevate them in the scale of moral and intellectual beings." To the establishment is attached a kitchen and wash-house for the convenience of the lodgers, a hot and cold bath, a pantry for the safe preservation and storage of their provisions, and *a well-selected library*, together with a common sitting room. Each room is furnished with a bed, chairs, and a chest for clothes. Closets floored with slate and fitted with iron basins, with water laid on, are constructed for the convenience of washing. The lodgers pay for all these accomodation 2*s.* 4*d.* (58 cents) per week in advance. The advantages of such a building will the Society expect, extend greatly beyond its immediate inmates. It will, it is asserted, prove to capitalists that they may erect similar buildings *with great profit and advantage to themselves*, while at the same time they are doing much for the good of their tenants.

The fourth building is intended chiefly for poor sewing women. There are 64 rooms, each provided with two iron bedsteads, chairs, table and washstand. A room lets for 2*s.* (50 cents) per week. A wash-house, with washing-troughs, ironing-tables, and a wringing apparatus, is attached to the establishment, and also several drying-rooms, heated with hot-water-pipes. Coals are laid up, and retailed to the inmates. The fifth building affords lodgings to single men at 4*d.* (8 cents) per night, or 2*s.* (50 cents) per week. This has proved a profitable investment. The members of the Society derive no personal profit from these houses, the income being appropriated to the general objects of the Society, while the capital expended is raised by voluntary contributions and by loans.

In 1845 another Society was chartered under the name of "The Metropolitan Association for improving the dwellings of the Industrious Classes." This differs from the first in confining itself exclusively to the subject of lodging-houses, and also in being a Stock Company, with a capital of £100,000, and seeking and expecting a yearly dividend on the capital invested. It is, nevertheless, a philanthropic association, striving to benefit the poor, and consenting, for that purpose, to be restrained by its charter from dividing more than five per cent. yearly among the stockholders, all the profits beyond this dividend being expended in enlarging the operations of the Society. In 1850, a supplemental charter authorized an addition of one million pounds sterling to the capital of the Company, for the purpose of erecting model dwellings in the provincial towns. The interest to be received on this new capital is also limited to five per cent. The essential principle of the association is *self-support*, and the founders avowed that they should regard their scheme as a failure, did it not return a fair profit on the capital invested; and in England five per cent. is such a profit.

This Society has seven edifices in London—one of them a handsome structure, 240 feet front, with wings, and five stories high, for the accommodation of families. It contains twenty-one sets of two rooms, and ninety sets of three rooms each. Each set is provided with water, water-closets, sink, shaft for carrying off ashes and refuse, galvanized iron coal-box, and meat-safe. The living rooms are furnished with range, boiler, and oven. A court in front for play-ground for children, and another in the rear for drying clothes. Another building contains a dormitory for three hundred single men, and sets of rooms for forty families. Each single man has a room to himself. Attached to the establishment are baths, wash-houses, and a school-room, which in the evening is used as a lecture-room for the [illegible] last report, the whole average population of the six buildings (the seventh was not compled), was 1,236. The mortality was very light, being only seven adults and five children. As an evidence how much the cleanliness and ventilation of these buildings are conducive to the health of the inmates, the Directors state in their report for 1850, "that while Fever and Cholera have been devastating whole districts of the Metropolis, not one of either of those diseases has occurred in your buildings."

The following notice of one of the Society's model lodging-houses for three hundred single men, taken from the London *Times*, will be found interesting:

"The building is five stories in hight from the basement. The latter is surrounded by an open area, and contains baths and wash-houses, with all the requisite appurtenances, extensive cellarage, and ample space for workshops. Upon the ground floor, the entrance hall is commanded by the Superintendent's apartments, which are placed on the left, while the store-room and cook's apartments occupy about the same space on the right. Immediately in front of the entrance are the stairs, of fire-proof construction, which lead to the three stories of sleeping apartments; and oppposite the stairs, on the ground floor, is a good sized lavatory for day use. The coffee room is directly in front of the staircase hall, and extends to the back of the building communicating on one side with a reading room and on the other with a kitchen for the use of the inmates. It is a lofty room, divided into aisles by iron columns supporting an open roof of stained timbers, lighted by a large window at the further end, two smaller side windows, and sheets of rough plate glass in the roof. Boxes are fitted with tables and seats round three sides, and the room is warmed by hot water pipes. A cook's bar opens into the coffee room, for the supply of coffee, &c. The reading-room, size 60 feet by 21, is warmed by open fires, and intended to be furnished with some of the daily papers and popular periodicals. The kitchen, 45 by 21 feet, for the use of the inmates, contains two ranges, provided with hot water, a sink with cold water, and common apparatus for cooking purposes. From this kitchen a stone stair-case leads to a portion of the basement containing 284 meat safes, all under lock and key, raised on brick piers, placed in ranges back to back, with ample space for ventilation. The cook's shop is connected with the men's kitchen by a bar, from which cooked provisions may be obtained at almost every hour of the day. The three upper stories are fitted with sleeping apartment on each side of the corridors. These rooms are all furnished with iron bedsteads and suitable bed furniture. There is also in each a locker for linen and clothes, with a false bottom for the admission of air, so that the sleeping berths can be ventilated at the pleasure of the lodgers. All the doors are secured by spring latches, of which each inmate has his own key. On each floor are lavatories, fitted with cast-iron enamel basins, set in slate fittings. The partitions forming the sleeping apartments are kept below the ceiling for the purpose of ventilation, and the corridors have windows at each end, to insure a thorough draft when necessary. With respect to ventilation, the principal agent is a shaft, which rises one hundred feet, into which several of the smoke flues are conveyed, and by which means a powerful upper current is maintained. The sleeping apartments and other principal rooms are connected by vitiated air flues with the ventilating shaft, and the current is regulated at pleasure by means of dampers under the control of the Superintendent. Large cisterns in the roofs, and smaller ones in other parts of the building, afford an ample supply of water to every part of the premises. Every floor has an opening, secured by an iron door, into a dust shaft, communicating with a dust cellar in the basement. The whole building is well lighted by gas. The terms 3*s.* per week in advance. Each inmate will have besides his sleeping apartment the use of the coffee-room, reading-room, and the public kitchen, where he may cook his own food, or he can obtain ready cooked provisions from the cook's shop. Every lodger is furnished with a small larder, under his own lock and key, has free access to the wash-house at certain times of the day, and can by the payment of a small sum have a hot or cold bath."

The *Morning Chronicle*, speaking of the Society, says:

"It has made a slovenly class of men neat and orderly in their habits; it has converted filth into cleanliness, and disease arising from neglect into the health which rewards attention to physical laws; it has improved the monetary morals of tenants, and found out a way for the punctual payment of rent, which no landlord ever discovered before; it has produced virtue out of light, and air, and warmth and space; and like the beneficent power in the old German tale, has turned dirt and rubbish into gold and gems—bricks and mortar into moral agents and social reformers."

The Duchess of Sutherland, on account of her Anti-Slavery sympathies, has been told by Mrs. Julia Tyler and the New York *Observer* 'to look at home,' and to pity and relieve the poor of England. It may, therefore, not be amiss to mention that the Duchess, her husband, her son-in-law, the Duke of Argyle, and her brother, the Earl of Carlisle, are all members of the association, and that the last is one of its acting directors. Let our rich and benevolent citizens, while extending their sympathy and their gifts to the ignorant and wretched abroad, imitate the example of the Duchess and her family in 'looking at home,' and striving to render the abodes of the labouring poor more favourable to the temporal and spiritual welfare of their inmates.—*Tribune.*

☞ This gem of a necklace, from the March number of Putnam's Magazine, is circulating through the newspapers as a poem of Bryants. It was written by Maria Lowell—the wife of James Russell Lowell. The mention of these poets reminds us that some lines addressed to President Pierce, on the death of his son, are also widely copied and attributed to Lowell. We do not know who was the author of them, but they were not written by him.

NECKLACES.*

That was a fair one, which a Queen
Pulled the great pearl from in her spleen,
And drank its rich corroded sheen.

And flashing bright was that which met,
And clasped its fatal diamond net
Around Maria Antoinette;

And cool and fresh the dewy band,
Which poor Undine, with trembling hand
Snatch'd from the wave, for Hildebrand;

But better mine, a little thread
Of Jasmine blossoms, tipp'd with red
As if in breaking they had bled.

It was all sweetness, and to one
Whose life on shore had just begun,
The very best beneath the sun.

MALTA, Aug. 23d, 1851.

*The boys in the streets of Malta string the Jasmine blossoms, and give or sell them to the passers-by.

A MONSTER UNVEILED.

BY DOUGLASS JERROLD.

"Poor thing, I do feel for her. Though she is a person I never saw, yet her's seems a case of such oppression on the one hand, and such patient sufferings on the other, that one cannot but"——

"Oh, I dare say you will see her in the morning, for she often steals out then, when the wretch, I suppose, is in bed."

"But what could have induced a girl to tie herself to such a man?"

"Well, I don't know; the old story, I suppose—false appearances; for no girl in her senses could have married a-man with such habits, if she had known of them beforehand. There is sometimes a kind of infatuation about women, I allow, which seems to blind them to the real character of the man they are in love with; but in this case I don't think she could have known how he conducted himself, or she certainly would have paused in time. Oh, the wretch, I have no patience with him!"

This little dialogue took place in one of those neat, bright, clean windowed, gauzy curtained houses, which form so many pretty districts, within a walking distance of the mighty heart of London, and between two ladies—the one the mistress of the said nice looking villa, and the other her guest, a country matron who had just arrived on a visit to her own town friends; and the object of the commiseration of both was the occupant of a large and handsomer villa exactly opposite, but apparently the abode of great wretchedness.

The following morning Mrs. Braybrooke and her guest, Mrs. Clayton, were at the window of the parlour, which commanded a full view of the dwelling of the unhappy Mrs. Williams, when the door quietly opened, and was quietly closed again by the lady herself.

"There she is, poor soul," cried Mrs. Braybrooke; "only look how carefully and noiselessly she draws the gate after her. She appears always afraid that the slightest noise she may make, even in the street, may awake the fellow, who is now, I dare say, sleeping off the effects of last night's dissipation."

Mrs. Clayton, with all the genial warmth of a truly womanly heart, looked over, and followed with her, as far as the street allowed, this quiet-looking, broken-spirited wife, investigating the whole figure, from the neatly-trimmed straw bonnet to the tips of the bright little boots, with a most intense and serious sympathy; then fixing her anxious, interested gaze on the opposite house, she said:

"And how do they live? How do people under such circumstances pass the day? It is a thing I cannot comprehend—for were Clayton to act in such a way, I am sure I could not endure it a week."

"It does seem scarcely intelligible," answered Mrs. Braybrooke; "but I tell you how they appear to do. She gets up and has her breakfast by herself; for, without any wish to pry, we can see straight through their house from front to back. About this time she often comes out, I suppose to pay a visit or two in the neighbourhood, or perhaps to call upon her tradespeople; and, you will see her by and by return, looking up as she approaches, at the bed-room window; and if the blind be drawn up, she rushes in thinking, I dare say, to herself: 'How angry he will be if he comes down and finds that I am not there to give him his breakfast!' Sometimes he has his breakfast at twelve—at one—at two; and I have seen him sitting down to it when she was having her dinner!"

"And when does he have his dinner?"

"Oh, his dinner; I dare say that is a different sort of thing from her's—poor woman! He dines, I suppose, at a club, or with his boon companions, or anywhere, in fact, but at home."

"And when does he come home, then, generally?"

"At all hours. We hear him open the little gate with his key, at three and five in the morning. Indeed, our milkman told Susan that he has seen him sneaking in, pale, and haggard, and worn out, with his horrid vigils, at the hour decent people are seated at breakfast."

"I wonder if she waits for him?"

"Oh, no, for we can see the light of her solitary candle in her room always as we are going to bed; and you may be sure my heart beats for her, poor solitary thing! I don't know, indeed, that I was ever so interested about any stranger as I am about this young creature."

"Dear, dear! it *is* terrible," sighed the sympathizing Mrs. Clayton. "But does any one visit them? Have they friends, do you think?"

"I don't think he can have many friends, the heartless fellow; but there are a great many people calling—stylish people, too—in carriages; and there he is, the wretch, often with half slept look, smiling and handing the ladies out, as if he were the most exemplary husband in the world."

"Has she children? I hope she has, as they would console her in his long absences."

"No, even that comfort is denied her; she has no one to cheer her; her own thoughts must be her companions at such times. But perhaps it is a blessing; for what kind of a father could such a man make? Oh, I should like to know her; and yet I dread any acquaintance with her husband; Braybrooke, you know, wouldn't know such a man."

"My dear Mary, you have made me quite melancholy; let us go out. You know I have much to see, and many people to call upon; and here we are losing all the best part of the day in something not much removed from scandal."

The ladies, of course, set out, saw all the "loves of bonnets" in Regent street, all the *sacrifices* that were being voluntarily offered up in Oxford street; bought a great many things for less than half the original cost; made calls; laughed and chatted away a pleasant exciting day for the country lady, who, happily for herself, forgot in the bustle the drooping, crest-fallen bird, who was fretting herself away in its pretty cage in Ridge Road.

The next day a lady, a friend of Mrs. Clayton, who had been out when she left her card the day before, called, and after chatting for some time, turned to Mrs. Braybrooke, and complimenting her on the situation of the house, I find, said she, you are a near neighbour of a dear friend of mind, Mrs. Williams.

"Mrs. Williams!" exclaimed both her hearers, flushed with excitement and curiosity—"Mrs. Williams! O, how very singular you should know her, poor miserable creature! Oh, do tell us about"——

"Poor—miserable! What do you mean? You mistake; my Mrs. Williams is the happiest little woman in London"——

"Oh, it cannot be the same," said Mrs. Bray brooke. "I mean our opposite neighbour in Hawthorn Villa; I thought it couldn't be"——

"Hawthorn Villa!—the very house. You surely cannot have seen her or her husband who"——

"Oh, the wretched, gambling fellow!" interrupted Mrs. Braybrooke. "I would not know such a man"——

"He!" in her turn interrupted her friend Mrs. Ecclesball. "He a gambler! He is the most exemplary young man in London—a pattern of every domestic virtue—a kind, gentle, amiable man, and passionately fond of his wife."

"My dear Mrs. Ecclesball, how can you say all this of a man whose conduct is the common talk of the neighbourhood; a man lost to every sense of shame, I should suppose; who comes home to his desolate wife at all hours; whose only ostensible means is gambling or something equally disreputable; who"——

"You have been most grievously misled," again interposed Mrs. Ecclesball; "who can have so grossly slandered my friend Williams? He can't help his late hours, poor fellow. That may safely be called his misfortune, but not his fault;" and the good lady warmed as she spoke, till she had to untie her bonnet and fan her glowing face with her handkerchief.

"His misfortune!" murmured Mrs. Braybrooke; "how can this be called a misfortune which a man can help any day he pleases?"

"But he cannot help it, poor soul! He would be too happy to spend his evenings at home with his dear wife; you know, his business begins when other people's is over."

"Then, what in Heaven's name, is his business?"

"Why, didn't you know? He's the editor of a daily newspaper!"

OUT-DOORS AT IDLEWILD;

OR, COUNTRY-LIFE WITHIN